

W. J. Johnson, 121. Fleet Street

THE LADY'S NEWSPAPER

and Pictorial Times

No. 716.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1860.

{ STAMPED, 6d.
{ UNSTAMPED, 5d.

NOTES ON ART.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

Some interesting facts in relation to the South Kensington Museum have been elicited in the examination of witnesses by the Select Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to report on the National Art Collections. A few of the most important facts stated in evidence may be here briefly recapitulated.

The purchases in the various departments of ornamental art are made strictly with the view of aiding the manufactures of the country. The exhibition of such a collection of fine examples tends to educate the eye, and to raise the taste alike of the public, the manufacturer, and the workman. Since the Great Exhibition of 1851, a new impulse has been given to decorative art in England. Mr. Layard remarked to the Committee: "No man now who professes to be a decorator would put up such paper as that in this room (alluding to the staring, gaudy, blue, red, and brown paper lining the walls of the committee-room). I defy you to keep your eye upon it without being offended; a law has been violated." In the Kensington Museum, ugly wall papers are brought side by side with those designed according to certain recognised laws of colour, and these laws are explained. The people see art applied to the commonest objects, and the growth of a taste for art is observable in all classes of the community. Mr. Fairbairn, in his evidence, bore testimony to the vast improvement observable in the decoration of the houses of the working classes. Objects of ugly form and bad colour are almost wholly discarded, and tolerable engravings of popular pictures (now obtainable at a cheap rate) are substituted for the red daubs and prints formerly so much in favour. Mr. Rumney, of Manchester, remarked, as a general principle: "You cannot bring the lowest and most brutalised of men into the presence of works of art—into the presence of beauty—without improving their moral condition." Whereupon a member of the Committee asked whether Rome, with all its works of art, is better than Manchester, where there are none? To this question Mr. Fairbairn returned the following answer: "I do not pretend to say, but I think Man-



THE LATE M. DECAMP.-(See Page 170.)

chester would be improved if it had the works of art which Rome possesses."

But the South Kensington Museum is not for London alone. A travelling collection bears about a thousand articles at a time to various towns, thus giving them an opportunity of seeing the best examples. The usefulness of this circulating exhibition is acknowledged by the evidence of witnesses from Sheffield, Birmingham, and the potteries of Worcester and Staffordshire. A retired manufacturer at Sheffield says: "I think our ornamental castings now would compete with the beautiful designs of old Italian manufacture." Sir F. Scott says: "The manufactures of Birmingham have very much improved in purity of design and beauty of outline during the last five or six years—an improvement which I attribute to the Kensington Museum, indirectly acting through our Birmingham School of Art." One of the partners in Minton's works, at Stoke, says: "We send up our designers to South Kensington frequently, and find it very materially improves them; it enables them not only to copy what they see, but to invent new ornaments. In Majolica, Palissy ware, and the higher classes of porcelain, work is now done which we consider equal to some produced at Sevres in its palmiest days." But the testimony of Mr. Redgrave, the art-superintendent, is, above all, curious and important. It placed before the committee various curious and valuable objects of foreign production, accompanied by the following observations: "What I now produce is Limoges enamel on copper, of the date of the 16th century; it is no sooner in our Museum than something of the same kind is produced by Minton; not a copy, but a translation; it is translated from copper into porcelain. It is an entirely new manufacture, but there is a great sale for these works springing up in this country. Not only in the potteries, but at Worcester also, it attracts attention. Here, again, is an article in Nerves pottery; immediately it is put into our Museum our manufacturers are stimulated to produce something like it, but differing, perhaps, in the mode of decoration. I have here a beautiful dish, the only one Her Majesty has of the kind; she had lent it for years to the Museum, and

it has been to the potteries, and from that has resulted a great deal of our majolica. Here is a beautiful specimen of majolica produced by Mr. Minton, again the result of the study of our Museum. They cannot do this in France, though they have made every effort; they have succeeded in china, but they cannot do it in earthenware. Goldsmiths' work is improving also by the exhibition of things in the Museum: silver plate formerly went by weight, but now it is valued from the art applied to the manufacture. A shield which has been made for Sir J. Pakington by a gentleman who was partly educated in our schools of art exemplifies a new mode of silver working entirely different from anything that had been done in England until within the last few years; it is *repoussé* work—that is, beating a thin plate of silver up from behind. Englishmen could not have done it twenty years ago; it was the coming over of a foreign artist, Vecchio, employed by Hunt and Roskill, that restored *repoussé* metalwork in this country. When we send the like of this round to Sheffield I cannot conceive anything more useful to the manufacturers there. This is a copper-gilt reproduction by Franchi or Elkington."

After this mass of high testimony, the utility of the South Kensington Museum will scarcely be called in question. Its character is indeed essentially practical. It is—and we trust will continue to be—the great central school of fine art applied to manufactures.

A decree for the erection of a statue of Dante has been passed by the city of Florence. The commission for its execution is given to Enrico Puzzi, of Ravenna. The work must be completed before the end of 1865.

A celebrated picture, by Hobbena, called "The Windmills," was about four years ago sold at an auction in Paris, to Herr Gustav Schulze, for the sum of 96,500 francs. It is now transferred to the possession of Count de Morny, who has given 105,000 francs for it.

The British Museum, which has been closed since the 1st instant, was again opened to the public on Saturday last. During the interval the various departments have been thoroughly cleaned, and some required alterations in the classification of the objects have been effected. The regulations of the trustees provide that the National Collection shall be closed for the above purposes during three weeks every year—viz., from the 1st to the 7th of January, from the 1st to the 7th of May, and from the 1st to the 7th of September inclusive.

A young lady has recently been admitted as a student in the Antique School of the Royal Academy. This case is believed to have no precedent, but such was the excellence of the drawing sent in by the fair probationer (sent in under an initial signature), that its worthiness was at once acknowledged, and the lady was admitted to draw for the students' "ivory ticket."

RECOVERY OF THE WIFE OF THE REV. LEWIS PRICE.

After a series of unsuccessful attempts to rescue his wife from the influence of the Arch-Agapemotite, Brother Pricee, the perseverance of the Rev. Lewis Price has at length been rewarded by the attainment of his long-sought-for object. On Friday last Mr. Price had intimation that Mrs. Price was at Exeter, and he at once proceeded thither to secure her. Although he found, on his arrival at that city, that he was on the right track, yet the bird had flown, and he was again disappointed. His agent, however, followed up the search, while Mr. Price returned to Bridgewater, in order to await further intelligence, which might be received from this or some other quarter. The former succeeded in tracing Mrs. Price to Salisbury, where she and Mrs. Starky, another follower of Prince, were located. The agent went to Salisbury and found the two companions together. He also saw them go to Wilton and return to Salisbury, with new bonnets and wearing apparel, in order to effect their disguise. He forwarded a telegraphic message to Mr. Price, who lost no time in following up the scent, and on Tuesday afternoon made the best of his way to Salisbury, where he soon after succeeded in capturing his wife at her lodgings, in company with Mrs. Starky. On Wednesday afternoon he returned with Mrs. Price to Bridgewater, where he arrived at about half-past six o'clock in the evening, but did not alight from the train. He and his wife, with Mrs. Starky, proceeded to Glastonbury, where Mr. Price has temporarily taken up his abode. The agent went on by an earlier train to make the necessary arrangements for their accommodation.

THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE BURDEN.

BY ARIEL THORNTON.

I have lately consulted a great many important historical records, all of them relating to that far-off period when the elfin people yet lingered upon earth, and vouchsafed some word or sign in answer to those who sought their counsel in perplexity, or their aid in sorrow, and I have taken the legend about to be related from the most veracious and authentic sources, hoping that it may please and amuse those who are not too fancy-hardened to receive, at least for a moment, the pretty mysteries of fairy-faith. It happened—long ago, of course, antiquity being all-important in a fairy tale—that a certain stream of water, among the heath-clad hills of a northern county in England, bore the name of the Enchanted Spring; and, further, it was reported that the spot, so quiet in the day-time, was haunted at night by fairy footstep, and gay with elfin revelry. On this account it was usually shunned after nightfall by the peasantry of the neighbourhood, who preferred to return by a circuitous road to their respective homes, rather than to run the risk of encountering and disturbing the beings supposed to people and claim that little spot of ground. A half-ruined homestead might be seen at a little distance from the Enchanted Spring, out of repair and unoccupied, because no one chose to intrude upon the haunt of the fairies, by living so very near their chosen meeting-place. Their displeasure was greatly feared, as it was well known that the property of a person who had once been so unfortunate as to offend them was forthwith marked out for destruction; that his cattle died and his fields were blighted. Accordingly, it was considered wise to keep upon the safe side, and on no account to run the risk of interfering with the "good people." After a time it happened that a countryman, newly married, and in search of a suitable home, came to that neighbourhood, and quickly espied the dilapidated house upon the hill, which he saw might be soon made into a very convenient residence, much such an one as he required. He planned in his own mind how he would lay out the ground, and in what manner a judicious succession of crops might be arranged; he saw where the beasts could be herded, and where the young lambs could lie beneath the hill-side, secure from the cold northerly winds of early spring. He saw the gaunt and windowless house that frowned down upon him from its height, strongly glazed and curtained, bright with the cheerful firelight, swept, and garnished, and home-like; he saw, or fancied that he might see, children's faces at the windows, and little hands stretched out to welcome him back after his day's work.

His reverie resulted in certain questions, addressed to the owner of the ground, about the value of the house, and the necessary amount of repairs, and he was glad at heart, but rather surprised notwithstanding, to find that the landlord appeared ready to get rid of the house almost on any terms, and to include in the bargain a good portion of the surrounding land. Then a shade of suspicion crossed his mind, and once or twice he asked himself the question—"Is the ground unfruitful, or the site unhealthy, or does some other grave objection threaten me?"

At length he determined to leave the matter unsettled for a little time, and to endeavour to find out the truth of the case, by making inquiries in the neighbourhood.

He was not left long in doubt. Wherever he asked he received the same answer; the ground was good, the air was healthy, the situation was convenient, but the spring so near the house was of old a haunt of the elfin people, upon whose solitude few mortals were so bold as to intrude, lest blighted crops and stricken cattle should mark the fairies' displeasure at their presumption.

The mystery being thus explained, he was for some time in doubt as to the most fitting course to be pursued. On the one hand, it was undoubtedly a pity to miss so good a chance of establishing himself suitably, and at so small a cost; and, on the other, it would be sheer madness to disturb his elfin neighbours, if their displeasure, followed by such very serious results, really threatened him for doing so. Finally he decided, like a sensible man as he was, to consult his wife, and to abide by her decision. She listened attentively to the circumstances, asking first

about the commodiousness of the house and farm, and about the necessary repairs, and she bargained with the landlord, for she was a clear-headed and practical woman. Being quite satisfied on all these points, she next demanded the distance of the house from the enchanted spring, the possibility of fencing it in, and securing it from intrusion, and the proofs that existed of the fairies' displeasure having ever been excited by the presence of considerate and respectful neighbours of the human race. On this last point she found very little that was at all calculated to alarm her, all cases of fairy vengeance on record having originated in some wilful disrespect or ill behaviour to them; and this fact especially gave the good woman courage and hope. She ended by seriously advising her husband to close the bargain and to repair and occupy the house, being careful all the time, by every means in his power, to propitiate the hauntings of the spring.

So the agreement was concluded, and the repairs were commenced, and after a time the dismantled old house began to look as if it was getting ready to receive human occupants; boarding, glazing, whitewashing, went on from morning till night, and after many days the new tenants took up their abode in it, and called upon their friends and neighbours to rejoice with them at a great house-warming. Some words of fear and warning were whispered about on this occasion, but the young wife only smiled at them. "We will show all respect to the elfin people," she said, "and they will do us no harm; on the contrary, I expect from them some added blessing, for they are a kindly race, and not without an interest in the affairs of mortals." Her neighbours only shook their heads, and repeated, "Time will tell!"

(To be continued.)

THE DEATH OF DECAMPS.

(See Page 169.)

ALEXANDRE GABRIEL DECAMPS, whose death, caused by an accident, has created so great a sensation throughout the whole of France, was born on the 3rd of March, 1803, or, according to his own expression, on the third day of the third month of the third year in the century; and his first lessons in art were received in the studio of Monsieur Bouchot; his natural temperament, however, and his great power and originality, not permitting him to remain long under guidance. Casting aside, therefore, the restraints of traditional observance, he became, according to some, an innovator; and, according to others, an inventor—as if such an expression could be applied to the reproduction of nature; and thus it happened that pictures whose subsequent value has been very large indeed in the great market of art scarcely brought him more than an independence. For instance, one famous picture—the "Selling of Joseph"—which realised in a late sale 37,000 francs, was painted by the order of a Dutch gentleman, who, on its completion, professed himself dissatisfied, and declined it.

Decamps contributed no less than sixty works of art, some of them highly-finished paintings, to the Exhibition of 1855, and the varied phases of his genius were thus combined with so striking an effect, that the productions of more than one celebrated artist grew dim compared with his. Of later years he has perhaps declined, through a somewhat mistaken and exaggerated striving after originality, and that widely-spread renown that has resulted from the labours of thirty years has scarcely been sustained by subsequent efforts. Taking him "for all in all," we feel that he is fully entitled to the very high position assigned him as an artist by his judges and contemporaries.

From various anecdotes circulated in the public journals respecting this remarkable man we select the following, which, from its bearing upon historical matters, may prove by no means new to many readers, who may have met with it among royal memoirs; we give it for the sake of a glimpse into the life of the artist:—

Decamps was very intimate with the Duke of Orleans, eldest son of Louis Philippe, who, like him, met with his death through a restive horse. Long before the painter had acquired a European celebrity the Duke cultivated his friendship, and used to visit him in his humble abode on the fifth or sixth story with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. One day, when his Royal Highness was going up to visit Decamps, as he passed the porter's lodge, that functionary inquired whom he was going to see. On finding that he was going to Decamps, the man asked him to have the kindness to carry up a coat which a tailor had just left for the painter. The visitor consented, and just was the astonishment of Decamps when, on

opening the door, he saw the Prince enter with the coat on his arm, and heard him say, laughing heartily, "There, Decamps, is a coat which your porter and tailor have sent you!" The painter began to apologise, but the Prince stopped him: "Do not mention it," said he. "You have a fine coat there: will you do me a pleasure?" "Two, if I can, your Royal Highness." "Well, let it be two. So put on the coat, and come and dine with me."

GARIBALDI'S PROGRESS.

MARSEILLES, Tuesday Evening.—Letters received from Naples to the evening of the 8th inst. state that the Sardinian flag was flying from all the forts. Before Garibaldi's entry into Naples the Sardinian Admiral had threatened to fire upon any Neapolitan vessel which should attempt to proceed to Gaeta. Garibaldi had found an immense quantity of war material and 80,000,000 lire in the bank. A *Te Deum* had been celebrated in the cathedral by Falser Gavazzi, the people shouting "Long live Victor Emmanuel!" "Long live Garibaldi!" The people were armed, some even with pikes and sticks. A general illumination had taken place. The Papal Nuncio, the greater part of the ambassadors, and Count Trapani, had followed the King to Gaeta. The King had appointed Signor Ulloa, brother of General Ulloa, as his Prime Minister, and had issued a proclamation. After the flight of the King a great rise took place in the public funds.

NAPLES, Sept. 9.—Garibaldi has consigned the fleet and arsenal of Naples to the charge of Admiral Persano, and proclaimed Victor Emmanuel as King of Italy. The Dictator has confirmed Romano as Minister of the Interior, and appointed Arditelli Director of Police, General Cosenz Minister of War, and Pisanelli Minister of Justice.

ROME, Sept. 9.—General Pianelli has arrived here, to announce to the Pope the retreat of the King of Naples to Gaeta. Monsignor Merode, with 200 gendarmes, has proceeded to Frosinone, where 5,000 workmen engaged on the railways threatened an outbreak. The Piedmontese troops have arrived at the frontiers of the Roman States. The entry of Garibaldi into Naples has thrown the Papal Government into a state of consternation. The Papal troops have left Pesaro and Sinigaglia. A French regiment arrived at Rome to-day. The Marquis Simoni has been appointed chief of the Provisional Government at Benevento; and Prignano, a man of the lower orders, is chief of the Government of Potocorro.

BOLONGA, Sept. 9.—Insurrections have broken out in Montefeltro, Urbino, and in other towns of the province of Urbino. The tricoloured flag was hoisted to the cry of "Long live Victor Emmanuel!" The inhabitants of Pergola, the revolted districts of Sinigaglia, and other parts, are hastening thither, armed, in order to support the movement. Delegates from the Marches have left for Turin to solicit the protection of Victor Emmanuel. Other towns in the Romagna have revolted to the cry of "Victor Emmanuel for ever!" The telegraph wires and bridges have been destroyed in the province of Umbria. Urbino is free.

TERNI, Sept. 8.—It is stated that a conspiracy of Italian officers against the foreign officers in the Papal army has been discovered. Fears are entertained for the safety of the Belgian and French Legitimist officers.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHARLOTTE.—The dotted work requires a soft, coarse cotton, and the stitches should be close together, but not in lines.
GEORGIANA.—It was in a dull cottage in the midst of the romantic scenery of Derbyshire that Moore wrote his "Lalla Rookh."
GARDEN LODGE.—The extent of American enterprise is almost boundless. The extraordinary and rapid advancement into the luxuries of the Old World may be judged of from the fact that in one planimetric manufactory in Boston sixty of these instruments are completed weekly, employing four hundred men.
A YOUNG ARTIST.—This holy hope of vermilion keeping its splendid colour is in being able to find it perfectly pure, as in proportion to its quality is its durability. The deep and pale vermilion are in reality one and the same, only that the pale is more washed and more finely ground. We need scarcely hint that it should be sparingly used by any artist.
A CONSTANT READER.—Criminals are frequently employed in Spain in the mines which supply sulphur of mercury, but the occupation is extremely unhealthy, and gives rise to such terrible vapours as to render life a burden. It is said that the noxious vapours in the surrounding districts of these mines are so injurious to life and vegetation that neither cattle, fruit, or grain ever prosper.
METEOROLOGICAL.—The muzz of conger-eels which are brought to the London market are purchased chiefly by the Jews. During some of their religious festivals they eat scarcely any-

thing but fish. Being both excellent judges, as well as first-rate cooks of fish, it is reasonable to suppose that the conger-eel is agreeable to the palate, by their being in such general request amongst this people.

ESPIONAGE.—It is not to be wondered at that the untutored natives of India should have recourse to the use of opium when it is remembered that to them it has a species of life and strength-giving power. It enables them to undergo continued exertion and to perform journeys of almost incredible length. Provided only with a small piece of opium, a bag of rice, and a jar for the purpose of obtaining water from the wells, these poor men carry letters and messages across trackless deserts, and endure hardships which no ordinary human strength could sustain.

WOODLANDS.—Beggars in China are quite an organised community under the authority of a king, who assigns to each of his subjects their particular district. The laws of the country also allow them many rights and privileges. They each carry with them two sticks, which they strike together when they enter a shop or knock at a door, which process they are permitted to continue until they receive a gratuity. Some of the higher class of shops contract for a certain sum to prevent the annoyance of these noisy intruders.

LOUISIANA.—It requires great care to keep the gold and silver fish in health. Bread ought never to be given to them, and biscuit is far from harmless. Very small portions of foreign vermicelli are to be preferred. The water from their globe ought to be emptied with a syphon, and carefully replaced in the same way. In changing the water a net is sometimes used, but the delicate nature of these fragile creatures makes them sustain a shock by this means often producing fatal consequences. We hope that these hints may remedy the evil.

WESSEX LOWER.—The orange-tree, beautiful as it is, cannot, with the greatest care and precaution, be introduced as an ornament of the lawn or garden, even in the most favourable situations, as there are not more than a few weeks of the English summer in which it could brave the night air with impunity. In the pleasure-ground of some of the nobility a substitute is being introduced with the best effect, and which, at a short distance, might deceive any but a well-cultivated eye. The Portugal Laurel is planted instead of the orange-tree, and being kept cut, so as to preserve similarity of shape, its beautiful, bright, verdant foliage completes the resemblance.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE LADY'S NEWSPAPER AND Pictorial Times.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1860.

ALBERT EDWARD IN CANADA.

The inauguration of the gigantic bridge across the St. Lawrence in Queen Victoria's name has been accomplished by Queen Victoria's eldest son, and those who witnessed the ceremonial of the twenty-fifth of August must have felt that to generations yet unborn this vast enterprise will bring wealth and prosperity, tending to direct the stream of commerce, and to develop the vast resources of a peculiarly rich and fertile country. The stupendous works of the old world are dwarfed by comparison with this gigantic undertaking, containing three million cubic feet of masonry, and bearing into far distant ages the name of England's Queen.

But why do those members of the Montreal Legislature absent themselves on so important an occasion, declining thus to join the Royal procession, and to rank themselves among the followers of England's future King? A strong feeling of loyalty has appeared, at least, on the surface of society, in the Canadian Principality, and we may fairly hope that such ebullitions as these

will tend to stir up the mutual kindness and goodwill already prevailing between that country and our own. Still, let us beware lest some root of bitterness should trouble this union, for very wide differences—differences of faith and of political and social feeling—separate us from a very great number of these fellow-subjects. It may be that some grievances remain unredressed; it may be that in many hearts resentment against England is not yet extinct; and we trust that the visit of the Prince of Wales to these important provinces will do something more than elicit a loyal welcome and an overflowing hospitality. We hope that any unspoken and smouldering remains of angry feeling will be quite cleared up, and that any improvement that may be wanting in the local legislation will be reported and remedied. So will this Royal visit become indeed a national and political event—a link between England and her Western possessions.

THE NEAPOLITAN REVOLUTION.

The great insurrection in the dominions of Francis, ex-King of the Two Sicilies, has reached its climax, and Garibaldi has entered Naples without any of the military show that usually blazons to the world the conqueror's success. The throne of the tyrant was so shaken by his near approach, that it fell to pieces before the sound of his coming footsteps, and no opposition, no useless bloodshed, stained the glory of his triumph. Yet not the less, but rather the more, has he achieved a splendid triumph, swaying the heart of a great nation as the heart of one man—raised up, indeed, to preach deliverance to an oppressed people, and to make an effectual stand against their hereditary oppressor. And so clearly has his mission been recognised, that with the exception of a very few mercenaries, no swords were found ready to oppose him, for earnest hope and far-seeing faith alike accepted the promise of the deliverer, and therefore it was that without any pomp or pretension, but quietly, and as a matter of course, he entered the gates of Naples and the deserted palace of the Bourbon. He has, with his usual disinterestedness, established a popular and well-supported Government, thus shutting out a possibility that always haunts the close of an insurrection—the possibility of anarchy and misrule; and by his wise arrangements the safety of the city will be permanently secured, and additional defences against foreign aggression will be confided to Victor Emmanuel.

Conjecture has long been busy with respect to the further proceedings of Garibaldi; but even while we write the cities of the Umbrian Marches are in arms, and myriads are flocking to the tricolour banner, leaving us little room to doubt the certainty that these bands will soon be consolidated by the presence of the great leader, and that the revolution will spread, if it have not spread already, from Tuscany to the Abruzzi. We trust and believe that his hand will not grow weary or his career be checked until the whole of Italy is fully libera.

THE MORALITY OF THE GALLOWES.

CELESTINE very undesirable results of one of our late public executions, have led many persons to reconsider those arguments for and against capital punishment that find their way, once a year or so, into the parliamentary debates, and very speedily find the way out again; the majority of our senators being firmly convinced that the gallows is an institution by no means to be dispensed with in this free and enlightened country. The evils to which we allude as resulting from the execution of the Walworth murderer consisted principally of thefts dexterously committed in the crowd by the numerous pickpockets assembled on that occasion; and also of the apprehension, on a charge of drunkenness, of some respectable and generally well-conducted females, who were first led by morbid curiosity to see the sickening spectacle, and afterwards "overcome" by the potatoes in which they too liberally indulged.

Many wise and good men, among whose natural failings no taint of cruelty has place, consider that the old Mosaic law of blood for blood is in no case to be dispensed with; and they argue, in the first place, from the plain command of God recorded in the Book of Genesis, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," and addressed, not to Jews, or as a part of

the Mosaic economy, but in this instance to Noah, the father of all succeeding generations, whether Jew or Gentile, and the representative of the entire human race.

Passing from theological to social and political arguments, they urge the mighty check supposed by their faction to be exercised by the gallows upon the crime of murder; holding that were this "wholesome terror" once removed, the crime in question would certainly increase. They ask further, what the State could possibly do with a number of murderers? and they suggest fearful consequences, should a revolution or popular tumult liberate a prisonful of such fiends incarnate.

It is also much more economical for the nation to dispose of these wretches summarily, by the aid of that important functionary, the hangman, than to have to provide for them during the remainder of their natural lives. The horrible scene on Tuesday morning, at the top of Horse-monger-lane Gaol, saves a great many breakfasts and dinners and suits of clothes; so the nation buttons up its pockets, and nods approvingly at Jack Ketch.

The advocates of the gallows, however, have their opponents, who argue very strongly the practicability of at least trying the effect of a temporary abolition of capital punishment; since it is certain that crimes which in the earlier part of this century were punished with death have decreased, instead of increasing, since milder punishments have been substituted; and since, to certain temperaments, the extremity of danger and its attendant excitement, offers a peculiar fascination. These abolitionists are not to be daunted even by the passage from Genesis quoted above; they argue that if it were to be understood literally, the soldier, the unintentional homicide, and the executioner, would all come under its ban; that another passage in the very same address to Noah, "Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you," certainly cannot be literally interpreted; that, moreover, the first murderer, tried, convicted, and sentenced by God himself, was condemned, not to death, but to life! They argue that while we are so very liable to make mistakes, an untraceable spot ought not to be taken; that all punishment ought to have for its end the reformation of the criminal, otherwise justice becomes revenge; that the spectacle of a public execution familiarises the minds of men with the idea of death by violence, and by tending to diminish their respect for the sacredness of life, tends to increase the crime for which the criminal suffers; that one man at least (the executioner) must of necessity be demonised by his office; finally, that where the experiment has been tried, and capital punishment been abolished, crime has quickly decreased. We can only thus condense a few of the arguments, leaving our readers to think out the matter for themselves.

WEEKLY RESUME.

The wonderful progress of Garibaldi in Italy absorbs the general interest. From his landing on the mainland to his entry into Naples, he has hardly encountered an army; his progress resembled the march of the Prince of Orange to London in our own glorious Revolution, rather than the career of any ordinary invader. The people hail him as a deliverer, and even the priests manifest a desire to come over to his side, on condition that they and their worship shall remain undisturbed. But it must not be supposed that the struggle is over. The King of Naples has left his capital, it is true, but it does not appear that he meditates an immediate flight from his kingdom, or its abandonment without a blow struck in its defence. Gaeta, to which he has retired, is one of the most strongly-fortified places in his dominions, and there are said to be 30,000 troops with him for its defence. Whether these soldiers are of the same character with those who laid down their arms to Garibaldi, or ran away outright, remains to be seen; but if they are determined on resistance, they may yet change the face of events.

In various portions of the Papal dominions the people are rising against their rulers and proclaiming Victor Emmanuel for their Sovereign. Here, however, the revolution is likely to receive a check. The Pope has got an army of defence, composed of other materials than that which so disgracefully deserted the Neapolitan standards;

and though Garibaldi would probably be found more than a match for Lamoriciere, it is not to be forgotten that a powerful French division forms the garrison of Rome. Everything, therefore, depends on the policy of the French Emperor; and that policy is, as usual, shrouded in obscurity. His own journals declare that he looks with displeasure on the attempt of Sardinia to interfere with the Papal rule at all; but other accounts say that some of the Sardinian Ministers have had interviews with him, or that an understanding has been come to, by which the territory from the Mediterranean up to the capital is to be left undisturbed, while the Sardinians are left free to seize, if they can, all the district eastward. What new price Piedmont is to pay for this license—whether Genoa is to be annexed to France as Nice has already been—still remains a matter of doubt; but no one supposes that the Emperor would accord his sanction to these schemes for nothing.

At home political affairs are at a complete standstill. The people are contented, and agitation is therefore at a discount. The continued fine weather has dissipated all the fears that were lately entertained for the harvest; and it is now found that the crops are far less injured by the long-continued rains than most persons feared. As a consequence, prices are fast returning to their old level, and we are relieved from the fears of dearth, or all the evils, social or political, which follow in the train of dearth.

Some light has been thrown on the Stepney murder in a very singular manner. A man named Mullens, who was employed by the murdered woman, informed the police that he suspected another man, named Emms, who was also employed by her, of the murder. His reason was that he had seen Emms on Saturday morning take a parcel to an outhouse near his residence, and return without it. This was but a slender ground of suspicion; and it became still less so against Emms when that person proved that at the time alleged he was not out of his bed. Nevertheless, Mullens persisted in his statement, and becoming more and more excited, he indicated the exact spot where the parcel would be found, though he had before said that he only saw Emms go into the shed with the parcel, and return without it. The spot was searched, and sure enough there was the parcel containing some of the murdered woman's property. But as it was plain that any one could have put the parcel where it was found as well as Emms; as Mullens knew the exact spot where it was deposited, though, according to his own statements, he did not and could not see what Emms did when he saw him go into the shed; and as there were other suspicious circumstances, the police decided on taking both into custody. Emms has since been liberated on bail; Mullens, if one may judge from the case as it stands, has fallen into the trap he appears to have laid for his neighbour.

A singular complaint has just been brought before the Lord Mayor's Court by a portion of the letter-carriers. It appears that some of the carriers in the suburbs, who occupied a portion of their time by carrying letters, for which they received 10s. a-week, were induced to come into the City by the offer of 16s. a-week, for which they were to attend in the morning as well as the evening. Of late, however, their morning duties have been discontinued, and they are brought down again to 10s. a-week. But that sum in the heart of London is a very different salary from what it is in the suburbs; besides that, in the suburbs they employed themselves at other work, which is not to be so easily obtained in the new locality. The Post-office authorities say—and we fear with too much truth—that there are plenty of men to be had at the reduced salary; but this is a question not only of pay, but of contract. The whole question of Post-office salaries requires revision. How can the public expect letter-carriers to be honest on the starvation allowance of 10s. a-week?

A telegram from India announces the death of the Right Hon. James Wilson from cholera. This has produced a melancholy impression in the City, following so closely on the death of Sir Henry Ward. Mr. Wilson went out little more than a year ago to adjust the Indian finances. His great measure, the income-tax, may be considered as complete; but his work of reductions had hardly commenced.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

Fig. 1. (*Promenade Costume*).—Dress of green silk figured with small sprigs in a darker tint of green than the ground. The pelisse is of black silk with wide sleeves, and it descends in large folds, which are plaited on a neckpiece. This neckpiece is flat at the back and is trimmed with several rows of guipure. The same trimming is placed on the lower edge of the pelisse. Bonnet of white crape trimmed with narrow violet velvet and rows of black lace. An ostrich feather waves on the right side.

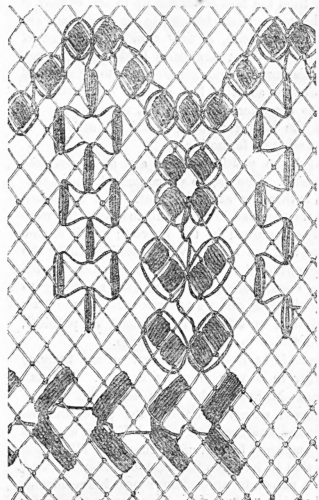


Fig. 9.

Fig. 2. (*Out-door Dress*).—Paletot of woollen cloth of a light colour, chequered with narrow black stripes and trimmed with bands of blue silk. Bonnet of white straw, trimmed on the outside with ribbon. A voilette is thrown back over the bonnet, and the under-trimming consists of a wreath of blue cornflowers with blonde at the ears. Dress of dark blue silk.

Fig. 3. (*Little Girl's Costume*).—Bardessus of grey silk. The upper part of the corsage is turned back on each side, forming lappets, which are lined with

blue silk. The sleeves have revers turned up with blue silk. On each side of the skirt there is a pocket edged with a band of blue silk. A similar band edges the skirt. Frock of brown silk striped with black. Chemisette and under-sleeves of worked

foundation of the cap is an oval of white tulle, and it sets rather loosely at the back of the head, but quite flat in front, and descending in a small point in the centre of the forehead. Over the crown of the cap are scattered small oval-shaped ornaments, made of pink



Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

muslin. Trousers edged with embroidery. Turban hat of white straw, trimmed with black velvet and blue ribbon. Boots of grey cashmere and black leather.

Fig. 4.—The form of this cap requires the hair to be dressed in plaits on each side of the face. The

ribbon and black bugles, and encircled by narrow white blonde. A broad blonde forms a full border round the cap, and two rows of the same, also set on full, are passed across the crown, the one row with the edge falling back, and the other with the edge in the opposite direction. The side trimmings consist

of loops of pink ribbon, with ruches of black and white blonde. At the back of the cap there are two loops, with long flowing ends of pink ribbon, edged with narrow black blonde.

Fig. 5.—The fanchon of black lace of which this cap is composed is fixed on a foundation of black stiff tulle. The trimming consists of black pinked silk, formed into ruches, and rosettes of black lace; the rosettes are placed at each side, above the ruches. It must be observed the fanchon of black lace which forms the cap itself is not of the usual triangular or half-handkerchief form, but is square. One corner forms the point in the centre of the forehead, two points hang loosely at each side and one behind. The fanchon is gathered in a few plaits at the upper part of the head, and fixed to the tulle foundation. Long ends of lilac ribbon, edged with black and trimmed with narrow black lace, flow loosely in the manner of lappets.

Fig. 6.—Pattern of the netting for the mitten on an enlarged scale.

Fig. 7. (*Little Girl's Mitten*).—The netting is the newly-introduced style called the rose-netting.

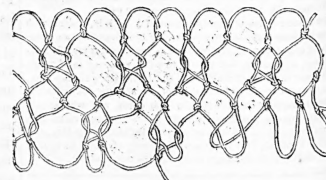


Fig. 6.

The pattern on the back, &c., is executed in darning-stitch in black silk.

Fig. 8. (*Black Silk Filet Mitten*).—This mitten is worked in net of the ordinary kind, but with such extremely fine silk, that it has the effect of black lace. The so-called *Passementerie* silk will be found best for the purpose, as it is twisted less than the usual netting silk, and more than the ordinary sewing silk. It should be the finest that can be procured. Before working the pattern on the back, it is best to tack a piece of coloured paper within the mitten. Green is the best colour for the purpose.

Fig. 9.—This illustration represents the design for ornamenting the back of the mitten. The meshes of the netting are on an enlarged scale, in order to serve more distinctly as a guide for working the pattern, which is to be executed in the usual darning-stitch with black sewing silk.

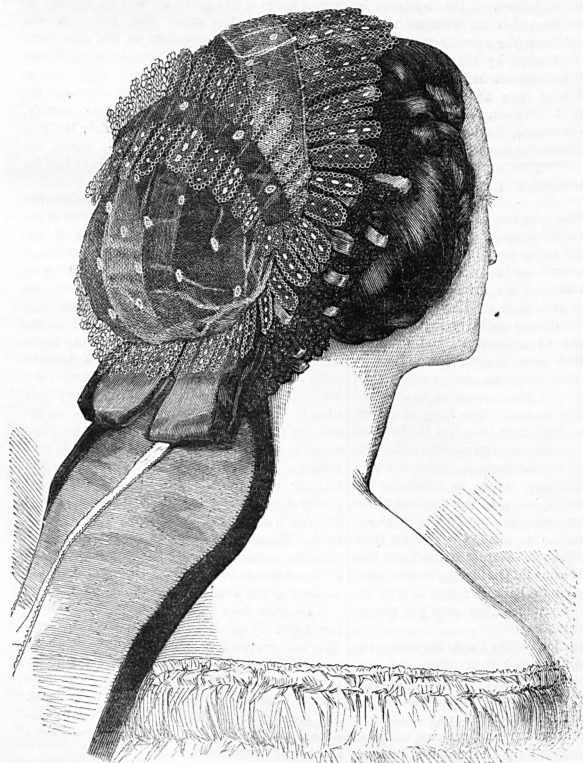


Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The chilly days with which the present week commenced caused a total disappearance of all the summer mantelets, in favour of cloaks of light

woollen textures. Nothing positive respecting the novelties in autumnal cloaks is yet known, and the forms in vogue during the summer have not, up to the present period, given place to anything new. A few models for autumnal bonnets have been prepared by a fashionable milliner. They all have crowns without stiffening. The materials of which they are made are silk and lace, and the trimmings are flowers or feathers. Velvet will be a fashionable material for the bonnets of the coming season. We may mention that the Empress Eugénie, during her recent provincial tour, has been wearing silk and thread gloves. To gloves of this kind the Parisian hostiers have given the name of *gants de jardin*. Last year the only colour adopted for silk or thread gloves was red. Now the fashionable colour is fawn, and they are stitched with red or blue.

A much-admired ball dress worn a few evenings since was composed of pink tulle. The skirt was entirely covered with flounces of white lace lined with

pink crape. The coiffure attracted great attention. It consisted of a wreath composed of white bindweed and blades of grass, exquisitely mounted, and intermingled with agrafes of rubies and diamonds. The necklace and bracelets worn with the dress were composed of rubies and diamonds.

One or two evening dresses composed of white silk, or silk of some bright tint, have been made with two skirts. The lower skirt is trimmed with one broad flounce headed by a narrow one: the upper skirt is finished at the edge by a hem, and has an échappe, with fringed ends, fixed on one side. The corsages are pointed in front, and trimmed with bretelles of pinked silk. The short sleeves are trimmed with bouillonnés of tulle and frills of silk.

The evening dresses worn by very young ladies are almost always composed of white tulle, and they are plain as well as elegant. They are often made with three skirts, each edged by a broad hem and a tuck. The upper skirt is frequently open on one side, and sometimes it is looped up with a bow of ribbons, or one of the corners may be raised up and fixed by a bouquet of flowers.

Fig. 7.

Dresses of Chambers gauze are mostly trimmed with bouillonnés, which diminish in width as they ascend.

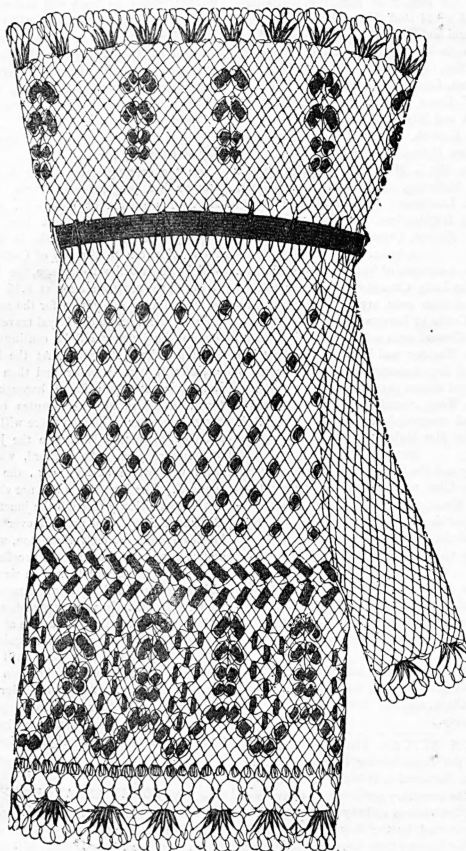


Fig. 8.



Laura Harford.
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.
BY ARIELL THORN.

CHAPTER VII.—MR. PEMBERTON.

"Elizabeth," I asked, after a late breakfast on the following morning, "did all the people come that you were expecting last night?"

"Yes, except—that is, I thought Mr. Pemberton might have looked in; he said that perhaps he would, if he had time," she answered.

"Mr. Pemberton and Elizabeth are very old friends," said Mrs. Beecher; "indeed, I for one should not be greatly surprised if—"

Elizabeth hastily interrupted her. "Do order the carriage, mamma," she said; "nothing but the fresh air will take off this abominable feeling of alloverishness that one gets after a very late dance."

The carriage was ordered, and a long drive undertaken, which made me in particular rather sleepy; I suppose I must have been asleep when it stopped, as I did not remember hearing Elizabeth descend, but there she was on the pavement, with a very bright face, that now bore no trace at all of last night's fatigue. As I prepared to follow her a gentleman stepped forward to assist me, saying, as he did so, "Elizabeth promises me an introduction; but I have heard so much of Miss Harford, and seen so many of her pen and pencil sketches, that I feel already as if she were an acquaintance."

I felt vexed at the moment that Elizabeth should have exhibited any productions of mine; I was thin-skinned on the subject, as most school-girls are, and I thought that she had probably been turning my efforts into ridicule. In this, however, I misjudged her; Elizabeth was far from ill-natured—at the time, at least, of which I write. Subsequent events altered her character, or the surface of it, in this respect. I had very full opportunities of observing Mr. Pemberton, for he stayed with us during the remainder of the day; I liked his face and appearance, but there was something about him that I liked better—a quiet, well-bred manner, with an entire absence of anything like pretension, and a vein of humour that kept us alive and merry during the remainder of the day. I felt once or twice that he was quietly making fun of Mrs. Beecher, and I looked at Elizabeth to see how she would bear this, for in general she was rather sensitive about her mother's peculiarities, and would try to stop her tongue when it ran too freely; but no, she seemed to be perfectly happy and contented, and she even gently followed up Mr. Pemberton's lead, by putting in a word or two in the same strain, a thing I had never known her guilty of before.

I ought to say, though, that the fun was perfectly good-humoured—as innocent and as little disrespectful as it could possibly be. The conversation turned upon homœopathy, in which Mrs. Beecher was so far a believer, that, when nothing was the matter with her, she cured herself of that complaint with globules, always sending for a regular practitioner when really unwell.

"You can't think how naughty Elizabeth is about homœopathy," said she; "a few weeks ago, when I was out, she emptied all my little bottles of globules, and then put all the wrong medicines into the wrong bottles; she never told me of it till to-day, and here I have been giving the servants and the poor people exactly the opposite of what they ought to have. However, it has cured them just the same, so that shows what wonderful virtues there must be in the globules; a wrong dose of the regular doctor's medicine would very likely kill a patient, instead of curing."

"The result of your unintentional experiment ought certainly to be made public," said Mr. Pemberton; "in case of sudden illness it would be so convenient to seize the first bottle that came to hand, without waiting to consult the label. It is really singular that so many valuable discoveries are made by accident."

"My share in enlarging the boundaries of science ought not to be forgotten," said Elizabeth.

"Your share in the matter deserves unmitigated censure," answered Mr. Pemberton; "it was your mamma's active benevolence that evolved good out of evil—a useful discovery out of a mischievous trick."

"If mamma had lived in the dark ages," said Elizabeth, "it would have been set down as a miracle; there is some legend of a saint who gave somebody poison by mistake, and it did no harm."

"Mrs. Beecher could not have lived in the dark ages," rejoined Mr. Pemberton, gallantly.

Whereupon Mrs. Beecher, with a delighted simper, exclaimed, "Oh you men! you men! not a bit altered since the serpent talked to Eve."

"But the serpent was not a man, mamma," said Elizabeth, "a fact that tends more or less to spoil the lucidity of your figure."

"My figure is just the same now as it always was," answered Mrs. Beecher, getting offended; "it never was lucid at all. I don't like figures that seem as if you could see through them and blow them away."

Elizabeth retired into her pocket-handkerchief, and Mr. Pemberton into the depths of a book.

I could see that these two were on terms of intimacy and confidence, and had talked together of Mrs. Beecher's little oddities, so that the exhibition of them before Mr. Pemberton did not

anomy Elizabeth; she would not have let her mother run on thus before an ordinary acquaintance. I guessed that she and Mr. Pemberton, being connected by his brother's marriage with her cousin, had seen a great deal of each other in her holidays, and I knew afterwards that my surmise was correct.

After lunch, Mr. Pemberton opened the piano and asked me to play. I complied, and played badly enough, I am sure; my best playing was always bad, but I never liked to refuse when asked in this way, fancying that to do so savoured of affectation.

Afterwards Mr. Pemberton said very frankly that my left hand was too weak for the piece, which it was.

"Too weak and awkward for any piece," I answered; "besides, I have so little ear, that I catch the simplest air with difficulty."

"Then you must have spent a considerable amount of time at the piano, to have reached the degree of proficiency you have attained," remarked Mr. Pemberton.

"A very long time indeed," I said—"a weary waste of time and patience."

"Ah! that is really a pity," said he; "it is a disgrace to our system of education, that girls should be forced in this way to spend a large portion of their youth in trying to do what they cannot do."

I felt as if I ought to explain that the fault was my own, for my relations had in no degree "forced" me to learn music. "I am afraid I must take the blame on myself," I said; "I knew I had no ear, but I thought—I thought—"

"You thought you ought to learn an accomplishment usually exacted from all girls," said Mr. Pemberton, kindly; "that was very natural; the fault still lies with the system, not with you."

Elizabeth's music-book was now demanded and produced. Mr. Pemberton rapidly turned over the leaves, talking about the pieces as he did so, in a way that showed he was familiar both with the contents of that book, and with the subject of music in general. She sat down and struck a few chords of prelude. He whispered some directions, and she began the piece. I don't know what it was; it sounded rather plaintive, and exceedingly pretty, and I saw that Mr. Pemberton was entirely absorbed in it, not losing a single note, and when it ended he called out, "Oh, play it again, play it again; begin piano this time;" and she turned back to the beginning. I happened to look at her while he was speaking, and saw that her eyes, intently fixed on the music, looked larger and brighter than usual, and that a red spot burnt upon each cheek. They continued at the piano a very long time, and when Elizabeth at last closed it, Mr. Pemberton seemed to perceive for the first time that Mrs. Beecher had left the room.

"I am sorry we managed to vex your mother," he said; "don't play any more tricks with her belongings, and tell her when you go upstairs that she misunderstood you about the figure."

Of course I expected Elizabeth to laugh, partly at the recollection of the joke, and partly at the idea of apologising for her mother's own stupidity, but I was mistaken.

"I will go directly," she said; "I am sorry I annoyed her—sorry if I annoyed you;" and she left the room. Was she acting? No, I saw that she was not, and I began to think how powerful this man's influence over her might be, for good or evil; then, as I looked at him, I felt sure that it would be exerted for good. He liked her very much, that was evident; I had long ago divined, with feminine instinct, how much she liked him; possibly, she would be married to him some time or other, and then—then, through his influence, a good deal that was faulty in her would be set right. I went on musing in this way till the first dinner-bell roused me out of my reverie.

Mr. Beecher directed Elizabeth to take her mother's place at the dinner-table, as she preferred to remain upstairs, in consequence of feeling unwell. I had observed in the morning that she had caught a slight cold during the exertions of the previous evening; she had not complained much of it as yet, but she was one of those women who, when anything has "put them out," invariably take refuge in imaginary indisposition, or else make great capital of some trifling ailment. We found her lying on a sofa in the drawing-room, looking really rather flushed and feverish, with a small book in her hand. Elizabeth, I knew, had previously made her peace with her.

"I want somebody to find out what globules I ought to take," she said, as we came in; "Elizabeth has just put them all right, but my head aches so that I cannot read the symptoms in the book."

The gentlemen had left the dining-room when Elizabeth and I rose from the table, Mr. Beecher being anxious about the health of his spouse. Mr. Pemberton took the book from her hand, and glancing at the list of complaints, suggested that hers was probably "catarrh." "If you will turn to the page and read the symptoms, I shall know," said she.

"Well then, let's see—Catarrh, page 30; here it is, with a long list of symptoms. Have you a sensation of irritability in the membrane of the nose, frequently provoking an attempt to sneeze?"

"I'm afraid I have," said Mrs. Beecher, faintly; "is it a bad sign?"

"Oh no, mamma," interrupted Elizabeth, kindly; "a catarrh only means a cold."

Mr. Pemberton resumed—"Accompanied by a dull and continuous pain in the region of the *os frontis*."

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Beecher, "don't read any more of those dreadful things; if you do I am sure I shall have an *os frontis*; I feel now as if it were coming on; do turn to the opposite page, and read the remedies."

Mr. Pemberton complied.

"Remedies: To stimulate the patient with heating and spirituous drinks—"

"Brandy and water will be the thing, then," said Elizabeth; "here's the key of the cellaret."

"—would be in the highest degree injurious," proceeded Mr. Pemberton. "To check the action of the pores by cold applications—"

"A wet sheet!" said Elizabeth; "it could be ready in no time."

"—might cause immediate death," added the reader.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" moaned Mrs. Beecher, "immediate death!"

"I'll tell you what it is, my love," said Mr. Beecher, coming forward, "you took cold last night at that dancing business, and you're just fretting and worrying yourself into a fever. You'll go to bed now and have proper advice, and put that book away till you're well again." With which admonition our patient had the good sense to comply, and was well in the course of three or four days.

Mr. Pemberton continued to stay with us, to direct Elizabeth's practising, and to look over my attempts at drawing, trying to get me out of the wretched system that I had hitherto pursued, but with little success. I grew nervous and hurried, and my cramped fingers refused to move in any direction except the old-established one. Also, though I knew the truth of what he said, I felt as if my first efforts under this new guidance must of necessity be clumsy ones, and so, while he stood by, I somehow preferred to adhere to the plan I could manage best. Was I becoming so eager for praise, or, rather, so sensitive to dispraise?

Elizabeth was greatly changed and softened at about this time; I hinted something of the kind one evening when we had left the drawing-room, and she answered, "We hear a great deal about the sweet uses of adversity, but I think that when we are happy we are most inclined to be good."

"And you are happy?" I asked.

"Yes, very."

"Happy because—"

"Oh don't let us talk about causes," she interrupted; "that would send it all away; perhaps I am happy with very little cause, perhaps with none at all, still I *am* happy, all the same;" and she kissed me and went on into her own room.

Not long after this we accepted an invitation to spend the evening with a friend, and I happened to be sitting near the lady of the house, a little apart from the rest. Glancing at Elizabeth, who was too far off to overhear her, she said, significantly, "Is it likely to be long?"

"Is what likely?" I asked, though I knew instinctively what she meant.

"Miss Beecher's engagement," was the reply.

It was the first time I had heard the word used with reference to her. I felt as if something had struck me, and given me pain. I made an effort to answer her.

"You appear to be better informed than I am," I said; "the fact, if it be a fact, is altogether new to me."

"Oh, well," said my interrogator, "I have not heard it from any better authority than general rumour; it certainly seems the most natural and fitting thing in the world, considering Mr. Pemberton's age and position, and his long intimacy with the family. I thought you would have been sure to know."

"I know nothing whatever," I answered; and she began to speak on other subjects.

At this time Mr. Pemberton had been staying with us for five weeks, and I did not know how much longer his visit might continue. The time fixed for my return home was still a month in the future, but that night I determined to return at once.

A letter from my aunt, received at breakfast-time the following morning, gave me the pretext I desired. She regretted my prolonged absence with her accustomed amiability, and added that Phelie was dull without me. I knew perfectly what this was worth; however, it was worth something to me just then—it was exactly what I had desired.

But did I really desire it? Had not fate taken me too literally at my word? Might I not as well stay just a little while longer, until—? No, not until the news should be in every one's mouth, and a congratulation on every one's lip; no, I would go at once.

I went to Mrs. Beecher, letter in hand, and told her that I was wanted at home, and must leave her sooner than I had expected. She overwhelmed me with regrets, and with kind endeavours to alter my resolution, which could not, I told her, be altered. I left her, and went into the garden to seek Elizabeth.

(To be continued.)

THE COURT CIRCULAR.

BALMORAL, SATURDAY.

Her Majesty, accompanied by the Princesses Helena and Louise, and Prince Arthur, and attended by Lady Churchill and Major Elphinstone, drove to Alt-na-Guissach yesterday, and then rode up Lochnagar.

The Prince Consort went out deer-stalking.

Her Majesty gave a ball in the evening, and the following had the honour of receiving invitations: Earl of Fife, Lord McDuff, Mr. and Mrs. Farquharson of Invercauld and family, Monsieur and Madame and Miss Van de Weyer, Lady Rolie, Colonel the Hon. A. and Mrs. Gordon, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Keith Fraser, Mr. Peel, Lord and Lady John Russell and family, Mr. V. Lister, Sir J. and Lady Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Clark and Miss Ross, Dr. and Miss Robertson and Miss Kinloch, Sir Charles Forbes, Messrs. C. and G. Forbes, Colonel Forbes of Inverarnan, Sir William Forbes, Mr. L. Hay, Colonel Hicks, Captain Gibbard, Mr. Maberley, Major and Mrs. Dawson, Miss Seymour, Lieutenant Nightingall and Ensign Drysdale, 93rd Highlanders, Sir Charles and Miss Phipps and Mr. Phipps, Captain and Mrs. Sayer.

SUNDAY.

Her Majesty, accompanied by the Princess Helena, and attended by Lady Churchill, drove yesterday to Aberarder, and then rode over Culardach, and returned to the Castle by Invercauld.

The Prince Consort went out deer-stalking.

The Belgian Minister and Madame and Miss Van de Weyer, and Dr. Robertson, had the honour of joining the Royal dinner party.

Sir Charles Wood, Secretary of State, arrived at the Castle, and succeeded the Duke of Argyll in attendance upon Her Majesty.

MONDAY.

Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, accompanied by the Princess Alice, and attended by the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting, attended Divine service yesterday in the parish church of Crathie. The Rev. A. Anderson officiated.

There was no addition to the Royal dinner party.

TUESDAY.

Her Majesty, accompanied by the Princess Alice and Prince Arthur, and attended by Lady Churchill, took a drive yesterday in the afternoon, in the course of which the Queen honoured Mrs. Farquharson by a visit at Invercauld.

The Prince Consort went out deer-stalking.

Lord and Lady John Russell, Sir James Clark, and Mr. and Mrs. Clark, had the honour of joining the Royal dinner party.

THE QUEEN'S RETURN FROM SCOTLAND.

Her Majesty the Queen having determined to return direct from Balmoral to Osborne by the shortest railway route, the necessary arrangements have been completed with the various railway companies whose lines will be traversed by the Royal party, for the performance of the journey from Aboyne to Edinburgh to-day, and from Edinburgh to Osborne during Monday night and Tuesday morning.

The route taken will be over the Deeside Railway from Aboyne to Aberdeen, whence the Scottish North-Eastern line will be traversed to the city of Perth, where the Scottish Central Railway commences, and runs forward to the Larbert junction, at which point the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway is entered upon—this line completing the journey to Waverley-bridge station, in the city of Edinburgh. From Waverley the Royal party will travel over the North British Railway to St. Margaret's station, where Her Majesty will alight, and proceed in one of her own carriages to Holyrood. On Monday evening the route will be over the North British Railway from St. Margaret's station to Slateford, where the territory of the Caledonian line, extending thenceforward to the border city of Carlisle, is entered upon. At Carlisle the London and North-Western line commences, and runs forward a distance of nearly 200 miles to the Bushby junction of the West Midland Railway, over which the Royal train will pass on to the low level station of the Great Western Railway at Wolverhampton, from which place to Basingstoke the narrow gauge line of the "Broad Gauge Company" will be traversed. From Basingstoke to Gosport Her Majesty will, as usual, travel over the South-Western Railway.

The Queen's train will consist of the Royal saloon carriage for Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, two other saloons for the Princesses and Prince Leopold, one family carriage for Prince Arthur, three other family carriages for the ladies and gentlemen of the Royal suite and for the directors, one first-class carriage for the pages and attendants, another first-class carriage for the Royal servants, three carriage trucks respectively for dresser's carriage, and for the Queen's and the Prince's *fourgons*, and two breaks. By desire of Her Majesty, the train will be under the exclusive direction of Mr. Cawkwell, general manager of the North-Western Railway, throughout the journey.

The following is an epitome of the Royal timetable from Aboyne to Gosport:—

The Queen will commence her railway journey at Aboyne, at noon to-day, and arrive at the city of Aberdeen at 1.15 p.m. After a lapse of five minutes, the train will move on sixteen miles to Stonehaven, where Her Majesty will alight and partake of luncheon, for which half-an-hour is allowed. Starting from Stonehaven at 2.17 p.m., Her Majesty will arrive at Forfar at 3.28 p.m. After four minutes' delay the train will resume its progress to Perth, which city Her Majesty will reach at 4.30 p.m. Here five minutes are allowed before proceeding forward to Larbert, where the train is timed to arrive at 5.50 p.m. From Larbert to Edinburgh the journey will occupy fifty-eight minutes, making a total of 192 miles performed in rather less than six hours, exclusive of stoppages.

Her Majesty will remain at Holyrood during Sunday and Monday next.

On the evening of the latter day the Queen will resume her progress southwards, leaving the St. Margaret's station at 6.45 p.m., and arriving at Abington, on the Caledonian line, where the first stoppage will be made to take in water, at 8.4 p.m. From Abington to the city of Carlisle the journey will be made without stoppage, the Royal train arriving at the central station at 9.45 p.m. There will be ten minutes' delay here for the service of tea and coffee in the train to the Royal travellers. Again in motion, the journey will be continued from Carlisle to Shap without stoppage. At the latter place the engine will take in water, and then run forward to Lancaster, at which Royal borough the Queen is timed to arrive at five minutes before midnight. From Lancaster to Preston there will be no stoppage, and from Preston to Whitmore the journey will also be uninterrupted. At Stafford, where the Royal train will arrive at 2.45 a.m., the engines will be changed. The Royal train will not stop at Bushby, but will pass slowly through the junction of the West Midland Railway, and proceed over that line to the low level station at Wolverhampton, where a stoppage of five minutes will occur. Thenceforward to Leamington the journey will be run in sixty-two minutes, and to Banbury in thirty minutes more. From Banbury the Royal train will proceed direct to the city of Oxford, where it is timed to arrive at 5.25 p.m. Here five minutes are allowed; and, again in motion, no further stoppage will take place until the Queen arrives at the Basingstoke junction of the South-Western Railway, over which Her Majesty will travel, as usual, without any interruption to Bishopstoke, and thence to Gosport, arriving at the latter place at five minutes to eight o'clock on Tuesday morning.

COURT ARRANGEMENTS.

It is the Queen's intention to embark on the afternoon of the 22nd, at Gravesend, for Antwerp. Her Majesty and the Prince Consort will be accompanied by the Princess Alice, and attended by a limited suite. The Royal party will land on the morning of

the 24th, and proceed at once by Frankfort to Coburg, where they will be met by the Prince and Princess Frederick William of Prussia and their infant Prince.

The Queen's stay at Coburg, which will probably be from ten to fourteen days, will be entirely of a private character, as will be the whole of the expedition.

On the return to England, Her Majesty will stop two nights at Coblenz with the Prince Regent and Princess of Prussia, and a similar time with the King of the Belgians at Brussels.

Lord John Russell will be in attendance upon Her Majesty as Secretary of State.

THE PRINCE'S VISIT TO CANADA.

The following is from the special correspondent of the *Times*:—

The landing of the Prince of Wales at Montreal took place with all due state and grandeur on the morning of the 25th. His Royal Highness disembarked from the Kingston steamer at nine o'clock, the Valorous, Styx, and Flying Fish firing Royal salutes, during which three most unfortunate accidents occurred on board the Valorous and Flying Fish. His Royal Highness, attended by his suite (now considerably augmented by the Governor-General of Canada, Sir Edmund Head; the Commander-in-Chief, Sir F. Williams; and Admiral Milne; all with their suites of aides-de-camp and secretaries), landed at the pier of Bonsecours, where a beautiful pavilion had been erected for his reception. Here the chief members of the Canadian Government, Mr. Cartier, Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Rose, &c., were in waiting in full uniform to welcome his Royal Highness to Montreal. Here also was the Mayor, Mr. Rodier, in robes of state, with the members of the common council, the consuls in uniform, the magistrates, bishops, chaplains, moderators, judges, and heads of societies, all more or less embellished and adorned.

A detachment of the Boston Fusiliers had come up from Boston especially to do honour to the Prince's arrival. In addition to these, the Montreal Volunteer Cavalry turned out, and better troops it would be difficult to see, either for discipline or soldier-like bearing. There were also some Volunteer Artillery, wearing the old grenadier cap of the time of Marlborough.

A few formal presentations were made, and then everybody fell into the state of gentle hurry and confusion peculiar to "making way" for the procession. Heading it, though not included in the programme, was a small party of the Cawkanagwa Indians, who live near Lachine, on the rapids whence their rather inharmonious title is immediately derived. They are really one of the few remaining branches of the Iroquois—some of the five great nations which once held all North America as their hunting ground.

The members of the Legislature were to have marched between the members of the Executive Council and the Consuls; but here, as at Quebec, they declined to assist in the procession at all. There were no signs of any feeling but loyalty, however, when the Prince landed. The people shouted with real enthusiasm, and all the steeples in the town rang out tremendous peals.

His Royal Highness again commenced a progress through the streets to formally open and inaugurate the Industrial Exhibition of Montreal and Province of Canada. The building which has been erected for this purpose stands in a commanding situation on the northern side of the city, just where the slopes of Mount Royal, from which the town takes its name, begins a slow rise. The Prince arrived at the Exhibition at eleven o'clock, and, passing through a marquee set aside for the exhibition of a fine collection of hothouse plants, waited a short time in a handsome reception-room till a sufficient number of naval, military, and civic dignitaries had arrived to constitute something between a "brilliant staff" and a small procession. This formed, his Royal Highness at once entered the building, and passed to the dais, amid the warmest acclamations of enthusiasm and flutterings of handkerchiefs that ever any heir-apparent was greeted with. "God save the Queen" was sung splendidly by the chorus, after which the Governor-General, of course, read another address, to which, as usual, the Prince responded, and these formalities being over, a complete tour was made of the building. During the whole time the applause of ladies and cheering of gentlemen never stopped, and only slackened down at intervals to break out with redoubled ardour. His Royal Highness then returned to the dais, and Sir Edmund Head, in compliance with the Prince's wish, declared the Industrial Exhibition of Montreal to be formally opened, and his Royal Highness retired.

The Victoria Bridge at Montreal, the opening of which was now to be formally celebrated, is, beyond all doubt, the greatest engineering work in the whole world. To appreciate the Victoria Bridge, the visitor should look at the St. Lawrence in winter, when millions of tons of floating ice come crushing down

it, and in summer, when even at its lowest ebb the current flows like a sluice, at the rate of eight miles an hour. He should remember that the whole of its bed is a mere quicksand, strewn over the bottom with gigantic boulders, weighing twenty-five and thirty tons, that the depth of the water is nowhere less than twenty-five feet, and that the stream at this point is two miles wide. When any one takes the trouble to think quietly over the nature of these obstacles, and then looks up at the lofty rib of iron, which stretches high in air from shore to shore, he must be more or less than human if he does not regard it as the grandest and most successful engineering work which the world has yet seen. Its total length is very nearly two miles (9,500 feet); its height from the water little over 100 feet. It is composed of twenty-five tubes joined in lengths of two tubes, each about 270 feet, with a centre one of 330 at the highest part above the river. The piers, which are twenty-four in number, and contain some 3,000,000 cubic feet of masonry, were formed by forcing down coffer-dams of wood in the exact places where the foundations were to be laid, then driving rows of piles round these, and filling between the two with wads of clay, forced down till they were water-tight. The water inside the coffer-dam was then pumped out by steam pumps, and the work of clearing out the gravel and mud, and laying the masonry down on the very rock, commenced. Quicksands let in the water to such an extent that no pumps could keep the coffer-dams empty, and tiers upon tiers of piles had to be driven all round them, till the subterranean communication was cut off at last. At other times huge boulders were in the way, and divers had to be employed for months in the bed of the river securing chains to these rough masses before they could be hooked up and taken away. When all was clear and progressing well the mere force of the swift current would sometimes destroy the dams, and masses of floating ice in one short winter's day laid waste the labour of a whole summer. It may give your readers some idea of the varied and overwhelming nature of the obstacles contended against when I state that some piers were destroyed by ice and quicksands as often as six or seven times, year after year, and that on the average of the whole twenty-four piers, the works of each one were actually destroyed three. Only the genius of Stephenson and Ross, and only the unconquerable nerve and readiness of Mr. Hodges, to whom the entire work of the building was entrusted, could have overcome such obstacles, and persevered in the face of such apparently hopeless reverses. At last the piers got above water, and were faced towards the set of the current with a long massive wedge of granite masonry, strong and sharp enough to divide even the icefields of the St. Lawrence. Gradually, and only working in the summer, they were built to the required height, and then the labour of constructing the tubes commenced. The dangerous rapidity of the stream made it impossible that the tubes could be built on shore, floated out on rafts, and then raised to their positions in one piece, as was the case with the bridge at Menai. So the whole tube was first actually built in England, and sent out piecemeal, with every plate-bar and angle-iron numbered with such minute exactness, that, as far as putting together was concerned, there was no more difficulty than with a child's toy. Thus, with the assistance of a temporary scaffolding stretched between the piers, tube after tube was slowly built across to the centre, where the great span of 350 feet comes. As may be imagined, the work of building this across with no supports from below presented a series of engineering difficulties such as have never yet been encountered in any piece of iron-work that was ever put together. Mr. Hodges, however, persevered and triumphed here, as he had done elsewhere, and at length, at the close of last year, five years after the commencement of the work, the first stone and iron bridge over the St. Lawrence was completed. It was tested with a strain more than ten times greater than any which the ordinary exigencies of traffic can ever bring upon it. The deflection of the centre tube under this was very little more than an inch, which recovered itself the instant the load was removed.

The mere ceremony of opening a bridge is very much the same at all places. The Prince with all his suite, and attended by the chief members of the Canadian Government, came at two o'clock in a beautifully-constructed open railway-car specially built for the occasion. Of course, he was received with deafening outbursts of enthusiasm, the fair standard-bearers who held the little silver flags in which his coronet was worked waving them with astonishing energy. Laying the last stone was soon accomplished. The Prince patted and touched the bed of mortar, and the mass of granite was slowly lowered into its place. It was a solemn affair, and seemed like laying a tombstone over the grave of 17,000,000. The Prince then entered his car again, and proceeded through the bridge, the hot air from the iron tube

giving, on the whole, rather an unpleasant sensation. The whole bridge bellowed and rumbled like thunder as the train progressed, and the opening by which it had entered grew smaller and smaller, till it only shone faintly in the distance like a pale blue star. At last a dim twilight appeared ahead, and the engine gradually stopped. It was in the centre of the bridge, where the Prince was to drive the last rivets, so there was a general scramble out, and all the party stood listening with a feeling almost of awe as the hoarse sustained rumble of the engine moving away went echoing up and down the dark tube, which seemed to sway and vibrate as the noise went rolling on backwards and forwards, striving for escape from its hollow iron prison. His Royal Highness went outside to one of the openings in the masonry of the centre tower, and looked down on the St. Lawrence rushing past in one grand stream far below, sweeping under the bridge in eddies and whirlpools, or bursting into little spirits of angry foam as they touched the sharp edges of the granite masonry. None could look down on this great river, and then look along the sides of the iron tube which tapered away at each end in the distance till it seemed a mere reed of metal, without feeling astounded not only how such a design was ever carried out, but how it could ever have been conceived as practicable. The formality of completing the bridge was now gone through. Four rivets had been left unfinished, and these were closed with iron bolts by two workmen. The last, a silver rivet, was clinched by the Prince himself. The ceremony was nothing to describe, though it would have made a fine picture. The two workmen wielding their tremendous hammers with a din that was awful, the rich uniforms of the Prince and suite, half hidden in the gloom, and softened down by the wreaths of thick wood-smoke which curled from the funnel of the engine in the background—the little glimpse through the opening into the bright sunlight, the St. Lawrence, far beneath—the flaunting decorations and shining roofs of Montreal beyond the river—all made a striking subject for a picture. The Prince turned a look of humorous inquiry on the Duke of Newcastle as he saw the process of riveting going forward, which said, as plainly as look could speak, "I shall never be able to use those hammers that way." His turn soon came. The last iron rivets were fixed, and the last of all, a silver one, was inserted. The Prince took the hammer, and heavy as it was, prepared to wield it stoutly—of course with the wrong or butt end foremost, which any one but a professional smith would think was the right one to use. He laughed and rectified the mistake when pointed out. Mr. Hodges adjusted the silver knob, and with somewhat, sounding blows, the Prince finished the last rivet in the Victoria Bridge. There was no cheering over it—the company was too select for that; and the wood-smoke from the engine had long ceased to be a pictorial accessory, and had become a stifling nuisance. So every one stumbled back in the dark to the car, which went on through the tunnel to the other side of the river, where a magnificent view of Montreal could be gained. Here the party remained for a few minutes, and Mr. Blackwell, in the name of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, presented the Prince with a beautiful gold medal, executed by Wyon, commemorative of the occasion. The suite were presented with similar ones, but in silver.

In the evening Montreal was illuminated. It was one of the best and most general illuminations with which the Prince has yet been received. Every one of the streets was a perfect blaze of light, and fireworks were going off in all directions. The Prince intended to come in and walk about the town incog., and only attended by two or three of his suite. A dark, quiet spot was arranged for his carriage to draw up at the corner of Craig-street, where Mr. Rose was waiting to escort the party round the main streets of the city. The Haroun-al-Raschid plan, which, though likely to be devoid of incident, was certain to be productive of much amusement, and which the Prince looked forward to with a keen anticipation of fun, unfortunately fell to the ground. General Williams was with his Royal Highness in the carriage, and in order to preserve his incog., to the fullest, he wore a staff cap with a gold band, and of course was known at once. When he was seen the Prince was soon discovered, in spite of the slouch that drew close over his face. The crowd set up tremendous cheers; there was no stopping at Craig-street, and his Royal Highness had to drive through the town as fast as he could, followed by shouting hundreds.

Lord and Lady Raglan are making a round of visits in the north of Scotland.

The Earl and Countess of Chesterfield have been entertaining during the past week the following distinguished circle at Bretby-park: Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury, Lord Courtenay, Hon. R. and Mrs. Curzon, Hon. H. Forester, Hon. E. C. Leigh, Mr. H. Savile, Mr. Charles Greville, Miss Anson, Miss Geraldine Anson, Captain Tower, Captain Little, &c.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

Her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia and a numerous suite honoured the Baron and Baroness Brunnow with her company at dinner on Saturday. Comte Gregoire Stroganoff and his Excellency Baron Mayendorff were amongst the guests. Her Imperial Highness and family left London for Dover on Sunday evening. On Monday morning the Imperial family and numerous suite sailed for Calais in the mail-packet Alliance. Captain Smithett accompanied the vessel to Calais. His Excellency Baron Brunnow was in attendance, and every honour was paid by the officers of the garrison. The 60th Rifles furnished the guard of honour.

The Princess Wladimir Bariatsinsky and family have returned to the Clarendon Hotel from the Isle of Wight.

The Prince Anatole Bariatsinsky has left the Clarendon Hotel for Paris.

His Imperial Highness the Prince Napoleon, with several members of his suite, have taken their departure from the Brunswick, Jermyn-street, for a short time, on a visit to Portsmouth and Yarmouth. His Imperial Highness's yacht, the Jerome Napoleon, remains at Deptford, awaiting his return.

His Serene Highness the Prince de Glücksborg has arrived at the Brunswick Hotel, Jermyn-street, from Scotland, en route for the Continent.

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk and family have returned from Spa to their marine cottage at Littlehampton, where they will stay a few weeks before taking up their residence at Arundel Castle for the winter.

The Duke of Devonshire and Lady Louisa Cavendish have left Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire, for Holkar Hall, Milnthorpe, to pass a few weeks previous to repairing to Hardwicke Hall, near Chesterfield, for the winter.

The Duke of Rutland has given up yachting for the season, and gone to Longshaw Lodge, his shooting box in Derbyshire, where his grace will receive a select circle of friends.

The Marquis of Lansdowne and the Earl and Countess of Shelburne left Lansdowne House on Monday for Bowood-park, Wilts, for the autumn.

The Marquis of Exeter has returned from Homberg, and has since left town for Burghley House, near Stamford.

The Earl of Derby left Knowsley-park on Monday afternoon for Doncaster, to pass the race week. The Countess of Derby and Lady Emma Stanley arrived at the family residence in St. James's-square from Knowsley. The nuptials of Lady Emma and Colonel the Hon. W. P. M. C. Talbot, brother of the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, are to be celebrated at Knowsley on the 4th proximo.

Lord and Lady Aveland and the Hon. Misses Heathcote have arrived at Nympton-park for the season.

Lord James and Lady Rachel Butler and Viscount Hamilton, M.P., are staying with the Marquis of Abercorn at Baron's Court, county Tyrone.

Lady Stuart de Rothsay arrived in town a few days since from the Continent, and has since gone on to Ford Castle to visit her daughter, the Marchioness of Waterford.

Lady Anne Beckett arrived in town on Saturday from Paris.

The Countess of Glengall and Mrs. H. Wells have left town for St. Leonards-on-Sea.

His Excellency Count Persigny arrived in town on Sunday from Paris.

His Excellency the Netherlands Minister has left town for the Continent, on leave of absence for some weeks.

His Excellency the Count d'Apponyi left the Austrian Legation on Sunday evening for his estates in Hungary.

Lady Douglas and Miss Murray have left the Queen's Hotel, Upper Norwood, for Weirbridge.

Count and Countess de Jarnac have arrived at Thomaston Castle on a visit to Viscount and Lady Isabella de Chabot.

Baron James de Rothschild has arrived at Wallace's Hotel, St. George's-place, from Paris.

The Baroness N. Kotchoubey has left the Brunswick, Jermyn-street, to join her sister, the Princess Kotchoubey, at Shanklin, Isle of Wight.

General Sir Charles Yorke, C.B. (Military Secretary at the Horse Guards), has left town for the Continent.

The Bishop of London and Mrs. Tait arrived at the Palace, Fulham, on Wednesday, from the Isle of Wight.

Sir M. Robert and Lady Octavia Shaw Stewart have arrived at Dunrobin Castle on a visit to the Duke of Sutherland, who is surrounded by a select family circle, including the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford, Lords Albert and Ronald Leveson Gower, the Earl and Lady Constance Grosvenor, Viscount Belgrave and Lady Elizabeth Grosvenor, Mr. Lascelles, &c.

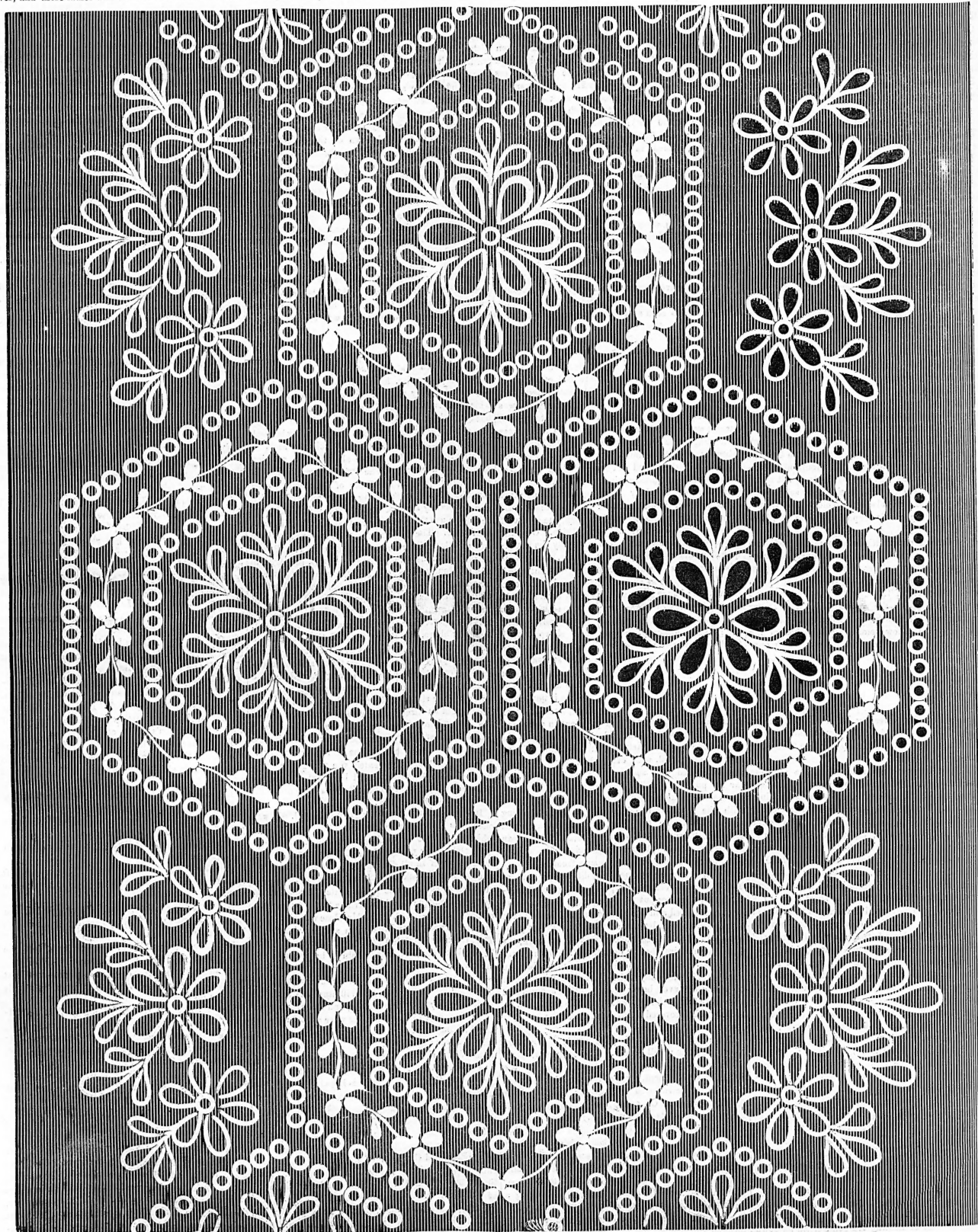
THE WORK-TABLE.
CONDUCTED BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

UNDER-SKIRT IN CUT-OUT EMBROIDERY.
THE under-skirt continues in as great request as ever, and those ladies who wish to undertake one of

these articles, which may reward the labour, will find the design now introduced among our Work-Table illustrations of a kind well suited for this purpose. The style is Parisian, and the effect, when executed, is of a striking and effective character. The embroidery is chiefly of the cut-out kind, which, instead

of proving merely a passion, has become an established class of fancy-work, demanding continual supplies of suitable patterns, developing in various ways the resources of which this particular sort of work is capable. For an under-skirt we strongly recommend that a very fine long-cloth should be preferred to any

cambric muslin, as fineness of texture is quite as much to be desired as durability, and it is mortifying, after having expended both time and labour on a rather important piece of work, to find fractures and decay appearing long before the fashion of the article has passed away.



UNDER-SKIRT IN CUT-OUT EMBROIDERY.

The outline of the design should first be traced in rather a coarse embroidery cotton; after which the interior parts, instead of being cut out, should merely be cut across each way and turned in when sewn over, which mode gives a smooth and rounded appearance to the work, which cannot be obtained when the parts are really cut out and the edges sewn over. The recesses which occur at the top and bottom of the design

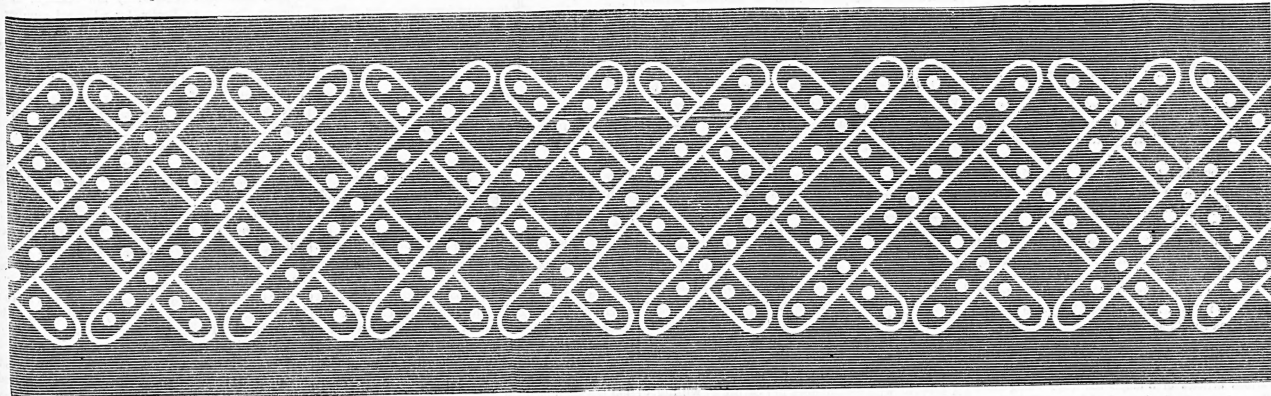
between the six-sided divisions of the parts may have the flowers and leaves which fill them up worked in solid satin-stitch or in the cut-out work, whichever may be preferred. The boundary lines are in a well-raised buttonhole-stitch, and the bottom of the skirt is to be finished with a doubled hem. This work is well adapted for unoccupied half-hours and winter evenings, as it requires neither powerful light nor

especial care, and when completed it will prove a very handsome article of the wardrobe.

HANDKERCHIEF BORDER IN EMBROIDERY AND LACE INSERTION.

The fashion of the handkerchief undergoes as many changes as the collar, and the other portions of a lady's ornamental attire; indeed, the work which is

now bestowed upon this article frequently exceeds in beauty and extent those other decorative parts of dress on which it is usual to expend considerable ornament. The designs, which are intended for working on fine cambric, are necessarily of a small and delicate character, as the material is not sufficiently firm to allow the weight of heavy work without injuring the fabric. On this account lace insertions



BORDER IN APPLIQUE.



HANDKERCHIEF BORDER IN EMBROIDERY AND LACE INSERTION.

have been introduced into the designs for this material, producing extremely pretty effects when united to well-arranged embroidery, as it gives great lightness to the style, and also considerably economises the work. We have given this week a pattern for a handkerchief composed of embroidery and lace insertion, which will be found very elegant when completed. Before commencing the embroidery the portions of insertion must be tacked on to the cambric where they are indicated in the pattern, and worked at each edge in very fine buttonhole-stitch. The small flowers are in satin-stitch. The leaves are in an extremely light and pretty style, particularly suitable for cambric work; they have an outline in fine buttonhole-stitch, with the veins, which are close and fine, sewn over with extreme neatness, thus leaving the entire leaf in the cambric. This forms a very pretty contrast to the rich little bunches of flowers in the satin-stitch. The minute pattern on each edge of the insertion has also a pretty effect; this is all in satin-stitch. Although the pattern has the appearance of elaborate work, it will be found to have been arranged to produce that effect with the least labour, as the lace insertion and the light manner of working the leaves are a great saving of work, and contribute so much to its rich appearance. Very fine *perfectionné* cotton should be selected for this article.

BORDER IN APPLIQUE OF NET AND MUSLIN.

Various articles of a lady's wardrobe being made in Brussels net and trimmed with lace, difficulty is constantly experienced in finding a simple border as heading to the lace, which may make the style appear complete. Scarfs, shawls, mantles, jackets, undersleeves, collars, and other things, may be made up, at but slight expense, with the net and a simple lace; but they look poor and unfinished if the lace be merely sewn upon the net, even though the former should be wide and handsome. The slight pattern we are now giving in *appliqué* is expressly intended for this purpose. It forms an effective border just above the lace, is quickly executed, and by its means even a narrow lace is made to look of sufficient importance for any of the articles we have mentioned. In working it a clear muslin should be laid upon the net, the outline of the trellis traced with embroidery cotton, and worked in neat buttonhole-stitch, the spots worked solid, in well-raised satin-stitch, and then all the superfluous parts of the muslin cut away. For the undersleeve this pattern is especially suitable and pretty.

LITERATURE.

Mainstone's Housekeeper. By ELIZA METEYARD ("Silverpen"). In three volumes. London: Hurst and Blackett.

THE *soubriquet* of Silverpen was bestowed upon Miss Meteyard by Douglas Jerrold, to whose memory she dedicates the present work; and in many respects she merits the epithet, for when she takes pains with a character, she draws it in such clear and delicate lines, that we remember it afterwards much as we should remember a finely-pencilled picture. She has, however, in the present instance, made a great mistake, that of overworking her canvas, filling it so full of figures, that each one takes off our attention from the rest, and the principal thread upon which the narrative is strung is often lost in the crowd.

We have heard of "two single gentlemen rolled into one"—a state of things which we have hitherto regarded as a mere figure of speech, but really this book presents a close approach to the phenomenon—or, rather, it exceeds it—for not two, but about ten separate novels, are here rolled into one; so that the book becomes a kind of enlargement of the parish register, the events of many lives being compressed into it. This is always a mistake, and we wonder that Miss Meteyard has fallen into it; it would be more comprehensible in a writer whose brain, fertile in incident, halted where the interest of character demanded place—but this is not the case with her; fertile in incident she undoubtedly is, but well-skilled, also, in delineating nice shades of character, the springs of thought and action. Why, then, should she thus have heaped up and multiplied the actors in a tale that would be so much more interesting with fewer encumbrances?

To some portions of the plot we must also take exception. The stratagem by which Mr. Radnor induces Miss Waldo to engage herself to him, is in every way ill-conceived. Here we have a man of excessively nervous temperament; so shy, that for a very long time he cannot endure an interview with a new inmate in his house, simply because she is, or is supposed to be, a stranger; so reticent, that his lips are sealed, even to the near-

est and dearest, on a subject that is engrossing all his thought; add to this the most scrupulous conscientiousness, and you have some of the main elements comprising Mr. Radnor's character. Is it at all possible, or indeed within the bounds of the most widely-stretched credulity, to believe that this man, loving one who, as he perceived, returns the unspoken love of another person, should seek his rival and declare his inmost thoughts? His natural shyness and extreme reserve, at all events, would prevent that. Is it further to be believed, that he should communicate to his rival his impression respecting Miss Waldo's regard for him—for him, the said rival?

A very small amount of delicacy and consideration for her, qualities in which he is supposed to excel, would prevent him from making use of her name in a manner that could only wound and displease her, if she knew of it. Common sense would equally prevent him from deliberately informing the other of his very great advantage, simply for the purpose of asking him not to use it.

Without going so far as to say that Margery's position in the story is altogether untenable, we cannot but feel that it is so exceedingly exceptional as to be well-nigh unfit for the purposes of a novel writer, whose object is, or ought to be, to represent truth through the medium of fiction. A servant who commences her career by willingly listening to the temptations of her worthless master, and who keeps up a show of respect and affection for her suffering mistress, while frequently "leaving the bedside of the sick lady, or the cradle of her son, she met the husband and the father in the shadows of the surrounding woods"—such a woman, we say, might, no doubt, be reformed, might become penitent and respectable, but it is hard to think of her as an angel of light in after years. In saying this we do not refer to her as having been led into temptation—let that pass—but we refer to the extreme duplicity and the extreme hard-heartedness of a nature that could thus persistently act the part of Judas, and betray with a kiss. Her devotion to the son of her dead and injured mistress, and the services she rendered to him afterwards, are thus expressed:—

She had effected a solemn service, that no other woman could; she had kept pure the daily life of his child. By her, more than by all other things, Ellis Thornhill was made the man he was.

Again—"With Margery to ward off the moral corruption which surrounded his infancy," and so on in the same strain. Silverpen bleaches the Ethiopian as she would an almond, just stripping off the skin, and there it is, shining, white, and fragrant. We advise her to close this manufactory of silk purses out of sows' ears; the proceeding is contrary to the experience of mankind, and as a woman, she should have no belief in treacherous and unfeeling women.

The story of Sarah is improbable—as in fourth-rate theatres the tragedy turns to comedy; and though the humour does not provoke a smile, the pathos is sure to extract one; so in this part of the book one is greatly inclined to laugh at what is not intended to be a laughing matter. The picture of Sarah, the "tawdrily-dressed girl," with eyes of "stony coldness; so young, so greedy of gain; so depraved," "madly in love" with the staid, and quiet, and dim-eyed old clergyman, who might be her grandfather, is certainly amusing.

Perhaps, too, it might have been as well not to have compressed one murder, two murderous attempts, an abduction, and a forgery, into such a very short space of time, among the everyday events of a quiet country village. On the whole, we close the book with few lingerings of interest and sympathy, except for the principal character—that nine-lived individual, Mainstone's housekeeper herself.

CIDER MAKING.

(See Page 150.)

THE quality of this popular beverage depends principally on the following particulars, viz.: 1. Kind of fruit; 2. Condition of the fruit when ground; 3. Manner of grinding and pressing; 4. Method of conducting the requisite fermentation, and precautions to be taken against its excess.

1. The characteristics of a good cider apple (according to Mr. Buel, of Albany) are a red skin, yellow and often tough and fibrous pulp, astringency, dryness, and ripeness at the cider-making season. Mr. Knight, a famous English horticulturist, asserts that "when the rind and pulp are green, the cider will

always be thin, weak, and colourless; and when these are deeply tinged with yellow, it will, however manufactured, or in whatever soil the fruit may have grown, almost always possess colour and either strength or richness." It is observed by Crocker, in his tract on "The Art of Making and Managing Cider," that the most certain indications of the ripeness of apples are the fragrance of their smell, and their spontaneously dropping from the trees. When they are in this state of maturity, in a dry day, the limbs may, he says, be slightly shaken, and partly disburdened of their golden store; thus taking such apples only as are ripe, and leaving the unripe longer on the trees, that they may also acquire a due degree of maturity.

2. *Condition of the Fruit.* Fruit should be used when it has attained full maturity, and before it begins to decay. The indications of ripeness we have just stated. Each kind of apple should be manufactured separately, or, at least, those kinds only should be mixed which ripen about the same time.

3. *Grinding, &c.* The apples should be reduced, by the mill, as nearly as possible to a uniform mass, in which the rind and seeds are scarcely discoverable, and the pomace should be exposed to the air. Knight ascertained, by experiments, that, by exposing the reduced pulp to the operation of the atmosphere for a few hours, the specific gravity of the juice increased from 1.064 to 1.078. For fine cider it is recommended that the fruit be ground and pressed imperfectly, and that the pulp be then exposed twenty-four hours to the air, being spread and once or twice turned, to facilitate the absorption of oxygen; that it be then ground again, and the expressed juice be added to it before it is again pressed.

4. *Fermentation.* The vinous fermentation commences and terminates at different periods, according to the condition and quality of the fruit, and the state of the weather. According to Knight, the best criterion to judge of the proper moment to rack off (or draw the liquor from the scum and sediment), will be the brightness of the liquor which takes place after the discharge of fixed air has ceased, and a thick crust is collected on the surface. The clear liquor should then be drawn off into another cask. If it remains bright and quiet nothing more need be done to it till the succeeding spring; but if a scum collects on the surface, it must immediately be racked off again, as this would produce bad effects if suffered to sink.

Among the precautions used to prevent excessive fermentation is *stunning*, which is fuming the cask with burning sulphur. This is done by burning a rag impregnated with sulphur in the cask in which the liquor is to be decanted, after it has been partly filled, and rolling it, so as to incorporate the liquor with the gas. A bottle of French brandy, or half a gallon of cider-brandy, added to a barrel, is likewise recommended, to be added as soon as the vinous fermentation is completed.

POST-OFFICE GRIEVANCES.

A number of Post-office employees, in a state of some excitement, waited upon Sir R. Carden at the Mansion-house on Friday, to complain that they had come to London from the country to take places as superannuated letter-carriers at sixteen shillings a week, and after a few weeks their pay had suddenly been reduced to ten shillings. Sir Robert sent word to the Post-office, and three gentlemen from that department attended, who said they were not aware that any promise had ever been made to these men that they were to have sixteen shillings a week. They might have been paid that amount, but it was for additional services that were now discontinued. One of the applicants exclaimed that he could not help saying he considered it was disgraceful conduct on the part of a Government-office to treat men in this manner, even if they were discharged for saying so. (Here there was a burst of applause from the auditory.) Sir R. Carden said it was manifestly impossible for a man to live in London upon 10s. per week. He was well aware that he had no right to interfere with the regulations of the Post-office, but it certainly appeared to him that these men were entitled to have their case taken into consideration, and that the public had a right to know why their wages had been suddenly reduced to so great an extent. The Post-office officials promised that the matter should be laid before the Postmaster-General. Some of the men again attended before Sir Robert Carden on Monday, and submitted to him a memorial which they had drawn up for presentation to the Postmaster-General. Sir Robert said it was a very respectful and proper one. The memorial dwelt upon the number of forms the men had to go through before getting their situations—procuring certificates and passing an examination; but this is nothing more than is required by the Civil Service Commissioners from every person before being appointed to any Government situation.

WEEKLY MUSICAL SUMMARY.

The celebrated German tenor singer, Niemann, is at present in Paris, taking part in the rehearsals of Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, which are now going on under the superintendence of the composer.

Mesdames Viardot and Carvalho, together with Roger, have been engaged by the manager of the Victoria Theatre, in Berlin, for a limited number of performances. Madame Viardot is to appear in Gluck's *Orfeo*, and Madame Carvalho in Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*.

A musical fact not generally known is that the first instrumentation of the air "Partant pour la Syrie" was the work of the composer, L. Drouet, who at present fills the post of Kapellmeister in Gotha. In his early years Drouet was attached to the Court of Louis, King of Holland, where for some time he held the appointment of music-master to the young Prince, Louis Napoleon, now Emperor of the French. It was then that Queen Hortense commissioned him to arrange the beautiful melody of which she was herself the composer. The Emperor Napoleon has not forgotten his old music-master, and a few years ago he sent him a valuable snuff-box.

The hundredth anniversary of Cherubini's birth is to be celebrated at Frankfort by the revival of his opera, entitled *Paniska*.

A French journal informs us that in the course of last week M. Sainton, the celebrated violinist, made a visit to his native city, Toulouse, where a great concert was given in honour of him by the Orpheon Association. Madame Sainton Dolby acknowledged the compliment rendered to her husband by gracefully sitting down to the piano, and singing several of her favourite songs. The audience were delighted, and the local journals are enthusiastic in their admiration of the charming English contralto.

At Metz, Lunville, and Nancy, choral meetings have been held in aid of subscriptions for the suffering Syrian Christians.

We are informed that a series of concerts lately given at Milan, by Camillo Sivori, the violinist, in favour of the cause of Garibaldi, realised the sum of 15,000*l*.

An English lady of distinguished musical taste has been laudably exerting herself to render music serviceable in aid of those who have recently suffered in the cause of Italian freedom. Mrs. F. West last week arranged a concert at her beautiful seat, Newlands, near Lynton, Hants, for the benefit of the sick and wounded Sicilians. The performers were chiefly amateurs, and the programme contained the names of Lady Henrietta Morant, John Morant, Esq., Messrs. Conway, Blagrove, and Sydney Smith; Mrs. Fand, Mrs. West, and Madame and Signorina Bada. A song, called "Il Gaudio di Napoli," composed expressly for the occasion by Mrs. F. West, and sung by Madame Bada, excited enthusiastic applause. The audience comprised a numerous assemblage of persons of rank and fashion, among whom a liberal subscription was raised in aid of the sufferers.

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

On Tuesday morning commenced the 137th anniversary meeting of the three Choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, and it promises to afford no inconsiderable aid to the excellent and useful charities which these annual gatherings help to maintain. The meeting of the three choirs is always important for the aid it is the means of affording to the widows and orphans of the poorer clergy—those worthy pastors who labour hardest in the good cause, and yet reap the smallest benefit from their labours.

Long before eight o'clock on Tuesday morning the good city of Worcester was all bustle and movement. It having been announced that the arrangements for the Festival would cause no interruption of the early cathedral service, throngs of well-dressed people were seen wending their way to the oldminster to perform a solemn act of worship within its hallowed walls. The prayers were intoned by the Rev. R. Cattley, the first lesson was read by Canon Lewis, and the second by the Dean of Worcester. The musical part of the service included Purcell's *Venite*, Havergal's double chant (to the Psalms), Croft's Service in A, and the admired anthem by Mr. Goss (organist of St. Paul's Cathedral), "Praise the Lord, O my soul." The sermon was preached by the Rev. G. H. Peys, son of the Bishop of Worcester, who selected for his text Proverbs iii. 9, 10, "Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine."

The service was performed in the choir, and the nave was set apart for the oratorio, which commenced at noon. It has been calculated that between 1,500 and 1,600 persons attended the first grand performance, which comprised the first part of *the Creation* and the whole of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. The fine choruses in Haydn's oratorio were given most effectively, especially the last, "The Heavens

are telling the Glory of God!" The solo parts were entrusted to Madame Novello, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Montem Smith. The regret universally felt for Madame Novello's approaching retirement was sensibly augmented by the conviction that a voice of such beauty is not likely to be heard again by the present generation in the delicious air "With verdure clad." The solo parts in *St. Paul* were given by Madame Novello, Madame Rudersdorf, Madame Saint, Miss M. Wells, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti. Again Madame Novello shone brilliantly in her faultless delivery of the angel's rebuke of Jerusalem, and Madame Saint's "The Lord is mindful of His own" was a perfect specimen of pure sacred singing. The effect of the colossal choruses was most impressive; and their performance by the three choirs left nothing to be desired.

The first miscellaneous concert of the Festival took place on Tuesday evening, in College Hall—a lofty and spacious building, formerly the refectory of the monks, the approaches to which are from the cloister at the back of the Cathedral. The performances consisted of a miscellaneous selection, including Professor Bennett's *May Queen*. The cantata was imitatively performed, Madame Novello, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss taking the principal parts. The second part of the concert commenced with Beethoven's Symphony in D, played in first-rate style by the admirable orchestra under Mr. Done's direction.

Spohr's *Last Judgment*, and a selection from *Judas Maccabeus*, were the performances at the Cathedral on Wednesday morning. Spohr's great work has seldom been heard to more advantage. The quartette, "Blessed are the departed" (Messieurs Rudersdorf and Saint, Messrs. M. Smith and Weiss), was repeated on a signal being given by the Dean of Worcester, and the air, "From mighty kings," was repeated by Madame Novello.

Everything augurs well for the results of the Festival. Splendid weather, new arrivals, busy thoroughfares, inns besieged—in short, universal enjoyment. Seldom has a music meeting been inaugurated more auspiciously. The attendance in the Cathedral on Tuesday morning is correctly ascertained to have been 1,400 and 1,500. The collection for the charity, at the termination of the performance, amounted to 355l. 5s. 6d. The plate-holders were the Earl of Shrewsbury, Lady Pakington, Earl Beauchamp, Lady Henley, the Dean of Worcester, Lady Shrewsbury, the Mayor of Worcester, Lady Catherine Berkeley, Mr. Lygon, Lady Emily Foley, Sir E. Lechmere, Mrs. Pepps, Admiral Hastings, Mrs. St. John, Mr. and Mrs. Clifton, Mr. Noel, Miss Clifton, Mr. and Miss Cassel, Mr. and Mrs. Allerfort, Mr. Grisewood, Mrs. Haigh, Mr. J. Gregory Watkins, and Mrs. Baker. The sum collected at the doors of the Cathedral on Wednesday morning was 220l. 2s. 6d.

THE STEPNEY MURDER.

On Sunday morning a man named George Mullens, a plasterer occasionally employed by the murdered woman, Mary Emsley, went to the police-office in Scotland-yard, and stated that he could bring the murderer into the hands of justice. Some officers were sent with him, and he took them to the house of a man named Emms, living near the scene of the murder. The missing cheque for 10l. and various other articles belonging to the murdered woman were found in the house, and Emms, as well as the informer, was taken into custody. The impression among the police is that Mullens is the murderer, and that the proceeding is a diabolical attempt on his part to implicate an innocent man, and get the reward and a pardon for himself. This view was confirmed by the evidence given before Mr. Selig at the Thames Police-court on Monday, when both prisoners were brought up in custody, in presence of a dense crowd in and about the court. The police were the only witnesses examined, and the following is the narrative of Sergeant Tanner, the detective. He said that on Saturday evening the prisoner Mullens came to his house, and desired to give him some information, saying he had his suspicions as to who murdered Mrs. Emsley, and he had been watching him. Witness said, "Before you go any further, who is it?" He said, "Emms." He added, "This (Saturday) morning, at five o'clock, I went to Emsley's brick-field and I watched Emms. I was pretending to be picking herbs, and between eight and nine o'clock I saw Emms come out of his house, go to the shed or ruin about fifty yards in front of his house, alone in the field, bring out a parcel, and take it in-doors, where he remained about ten minutes. He appeared to look about him to see if he was being watched. He came out again with a smaller parcel, and went to the shed, where he remained about two minutes, and came out again without the parcel, and went indoors." I said, "What do you think the parcel contained?" Mullens said, "I don't know; I'll show you exactly the shed where he has put it." I then arranged for him to meet us in Scotland-

yard on Sunday morning, when I would send a sergeant for him, which was done. He said, "Now, don't go without me." I said, "No, Mullens, no advantage shall be taken of any information you give—you shall have the benefit of it." He then said, "I will take care of you if it comes off right." He was understood to allude to the reward offered. On the following morning, Inspector Thornton, Sergeant Thomas, myself, and Mullens went to Emsley's brick-fields. I told Thornton the statement Mullens had made. Mullens was left at the extremity of the field, in order that we might send for him if we wanted him. Thornton told Emms what we had been informed of. Emms denied it, and said that he was not out of bed until nine o'clock that morning, being unwell, and that Thornton might send to ask his wife the facts before he saw her. I went to see Mrs. Emms, and she told me that her husband was not up until nine o'clock on Saturday morning, and that he did not go out until ten o'clock or later. I went to a shed pointed out by Mullens, which was filled with all sorts of things; so much so, that we could not then make a search. Meanwhile Mullens appeared in the field about sixty yards off, and Mr. Thornton directed me to go to him and speak to him. Mullens said, "You have not half searched that place; have you found anything?" He added, "Come, I'll show you where I think it is put." I said, "But the place is full of lumber; I don't think there is anything there." He again wished to go with me to the shed. I said, "No; Emms don't know that you are the informer, and we don't want him to know at present." We walked towards the shed—myself and Mullens. We halted about four yards opposite the door. Mullens said, "Look now; go into that place, pull down that b— slab at the side of the wall, and turn up those bricks." Sergeant Thomas pulled down the stone and found the parcel. Inspector Thornton opened it in Emms' presence, and Emms said, "Good heavens! it is Pickering's cheque, paid to the old lady on the day of the murder. I don't understand it—this is a wicked and cruel plot." Mullens, who had been sent away, was fetched back into the field. He said, "Have you found anything?" I said, "Thomas has found something." Mullens said, "Have you found any b— money?" and I replied, "I can't say now." Thornton desired me to take him to the station, where he was charged on suspicion of the murder. When told he too must be detained, Mullens exclaimed, "Is this the way I am to be treated after giving the information." At Mullens' lodgings were found "wax-ends" (a material used in shoemaking); one of his shoes was fastened with a piece of waxed string exactly similar to a piece which was round the parcel; and a piece of tape corresponding to another piece round the parcel was also discovered. What is perhaps of still greater significance, a plasterer's hammer, belonging to Emms, was found at Mullens' lodging; and it was with some such instrument that the murder was committed. At the close of the examination both prisoners were remanded, but Emms, with the consent of the police, was allowed to go at large on bail. Mullens is an Irishman, about fifty years of age, and has been a detective, but was turned out of the force for using his professional opportunities to commit robbery himself. The second examination is fixed for Tuesday next.

SCRAPS FROM "PUNCH."

POOR BEASTS!—It is decided that the Natural History of the British Museum is not to go out of town this year.

CHINESE WORSTED.—The Chinese have an expressive proverb, that says: "Patience—and the mulberry leaf becomes a silk gown." However, we know a medical man, with extensive theory, but limited practice, who has improved upon the above. He cries out: "Patients! Patients!—and the Pill-box soon becomes a brougham."

"COMING EVENTS," &c.—We have learned that apartments have been taken at the Clarendon for one John Smith. Knowing how like one Bourbon is to another, and recollecting how certain family traits run in that interesting family, we should not be in the least surprised if the King of Naples was already on his way to this country. We do not envy him his welcome.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN CANADA.—On Tuesday the 21st ult., his Royal Highness drove out to see the Falls of Montmorency, near Quebec. Whilst he was contemplating the cascade, a bystander remarked that the noise was deafening. "Ah," said another, "that is indeed extraordinary. Cataract is generally blinding." The speaker was a surgeon, and his observation was rebuked with the universal cry of "Sho!"

INHUMAN ATTEMPT AT THE FLORAL HALL.—A Frenchman's love of the ridiculous exceeds even his love of the truth. An apology was made the other evening for Mlle. Parepa's absence? "Ah! il paraît donc qu'il Mlle. Parepa ne paraît pas." The Frenchman, who was the unnatural parent of the above absurdity, was so proud of his misshapen distorted offspring, that he went about introducing it to every one he met. How true it is, that parents love their deformed children the best!

OBITUARY.

THE RIGHT HON. JAMES WILSON.

We regret to announce the death of the Right Hon. James Wilson, which took place at Calcutta on the 11th of August. The cause of death is said to have been cholera. Mr. Wilson had, from his first arrival in India, suffered from the effects of the climate, and had been advised to retire for a time to the hills. His anxiety, however, to bring into operation the important measures he had initiated for the reform of the Indian system of finance induced him to remain in Calcutta, and he has fallen a sacrifice to his high sense of public duty. Mr. Wilson was born at Hawick, in 1805. Owing to circumstances connected with the business speculations of his father, young Wilson quitted Hawick for London, and subsequently left the metropolis for Newcastle. His attention at this time seems to have been directed more strongly to questions of a public character than to matters of practical business; and in 1839 he published a treatise on "The Influence of the Corn Laws; in 1840, a pamphlet entitled "Fluctuations of Currency, Commerce, and Manufactures," and in 1841 one bearing the title of "The Revenue; or, what should the Chancellor do?"—having by this time discovered the true bent of his genius, and the most eligible way of turning it to account. It was, however, by the establishment of the *Economist* newspaper, which was started in 1843, that Mr. Wilson attracted notice and acquired a deserved reputation for ability to deal with financial subjects, and the generally dry and uninviting matters which are expounded in the science of statistics; and it was doubtless his fame as a financier, coupled with the liberality of his political principles, that excited the attention of the electors of Westbury, for which place he was returned as representative in 1847. His progress as a speaker and politician in Parliament was steady and sure, and he was always listened to with attention. The result of his senatorial exertions was soon manifested in his appointment as Secretary to the Board of Control, in May, 1848. At the dissolution of Parliament in 1852, Mr. Wilson was again returned for Westbury; and when the Coalition Ministry was formed, Mr. Wilson was selected to fill the post of Financial Secretary to the Treasury—a position which he retained on the reconstruction of the Cabinet under Lord Palmerston—ever proving himself an able coadjutor on all the great questions brought forward by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose propositions were well sustained by the facts and figures at the command of the Secretary of the Treasury. In 1857, at the general election, Mr. Wilson was elected for Devonport, in conjunction with Sir Thomas Erskine Perry, and continued to represent that borough for about two years, up to the period of his acceptance of his last and most important official appointment. His growing fame as a financier, and evident capability of dealing with fiscal questions in a comprehensive and statesmanlike spirit, demonstrated for so many years in numberless debates, doubtless led to his appointment as financial commissioner for India about twelve months since, when it became necessary to remodel the finances of India, with a view to remedy the disorder that prevailed in every branch of the Indian revenue, and proportion, if possible, expenses to income. The highest expectations were entertained of Mr. Wilson's power of fulfilling the anticipations of those by whom he was chosen for this arduous duty. Nor were these expectations diminished by the elaborate budget framed by him on his arrival at Calcutta, the main feature of which was the imposition of an income-tax—a daring innovation in itself, and entirely new as an impost on the population of India.

THE COUNTESS MANVERS.

The death of the Countess Manvers occurred on the 8th inst., at Thoresby Park, Nottinghamshire. The Countess, who was the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Anthony Harbord Eyre, of Grove Park, Notts, was in her 70th year. She married, 23rd August, 1804, the Earl Manvers, by whom her ladyship leaves two surviving issue, Viscount Newark, M.P., and two daughters, Lady Mary, married to Mr. Egerton, M.P. and Lady Aurora, married to Mr. C. W. Wynn, M.P.

LIEUT.-COLONEL LINDSAY.

We regret to announce the death of Lieut.-Colonel T. Lindsay, which took place on Tuesday last at Old Charlton, Kent. The gallant deceased served in Holland in 1814 and 1815, and was also present at the bombardment of Antwerp. The gallant deceased was late Lieut.-colonel in the 91st (Argyllshire) Regiment of Foot.

The mortal remains of the late Lady Adela Ibbotson were on Tuesday consigned to the tomb. The funeral procession left Osterley-park about noon for Heston Church, about a mile distant from the house. The body was followed by her husband and her ladyship's brother, the Hon. Frederick Villiers, and a few relatives.

MISCELLANEA.

An Anglo-French commercial paper, called the *Treaty*, is about to be issued in London, with, it is said, the approval of the Emperor. It is to be half in French and half in English.

It is stated, in a letter from Moscow, that the Emperor Alexander has authorised the teaching of the Polish language in the provinces of Kiev, Podolia, and Volhynia.

The King of Sardinia has, by a special decree, incorporated the patrimony of the Order of St. George of Parma with that of the Sardinian Order of St. Maurice and Lazarus.

Prince Constantine Ghika, brother of the ex-Caimacan of the Danubian Principalities, and formerly a Minister in those provinces himself, has arrived in Paris.

The returns of the Bank of Holland show that on the 31st ult. its circulation of notes was 113,500,000l.; the balance of accounts current, 23,000,000l.; and the specie in hand, 111,000,000l.

A letter from St. Petersburg, dated the 3rd inst., says that a French Cabinet courier, said to be the bearer of an autograph letter from the Emperor Napoleon III. to the Emperor Alexander, has arrived here.

With reference to the recent death from chloroform at Northampton, a physician indicates a precaution which has recently been discovered, and is not generally known. It consists in making the patient swallow some brandy and ammonia at the moment of inhalation.

A daughter of Abd-el-Kader has arrived in Paris for the purpose of becoming a Sister of Charity. Having been sent to Constantinople to be educated, she had an opportunity of seeing the sisters, who have a branch establishment in that city, and she determined to enter the order.

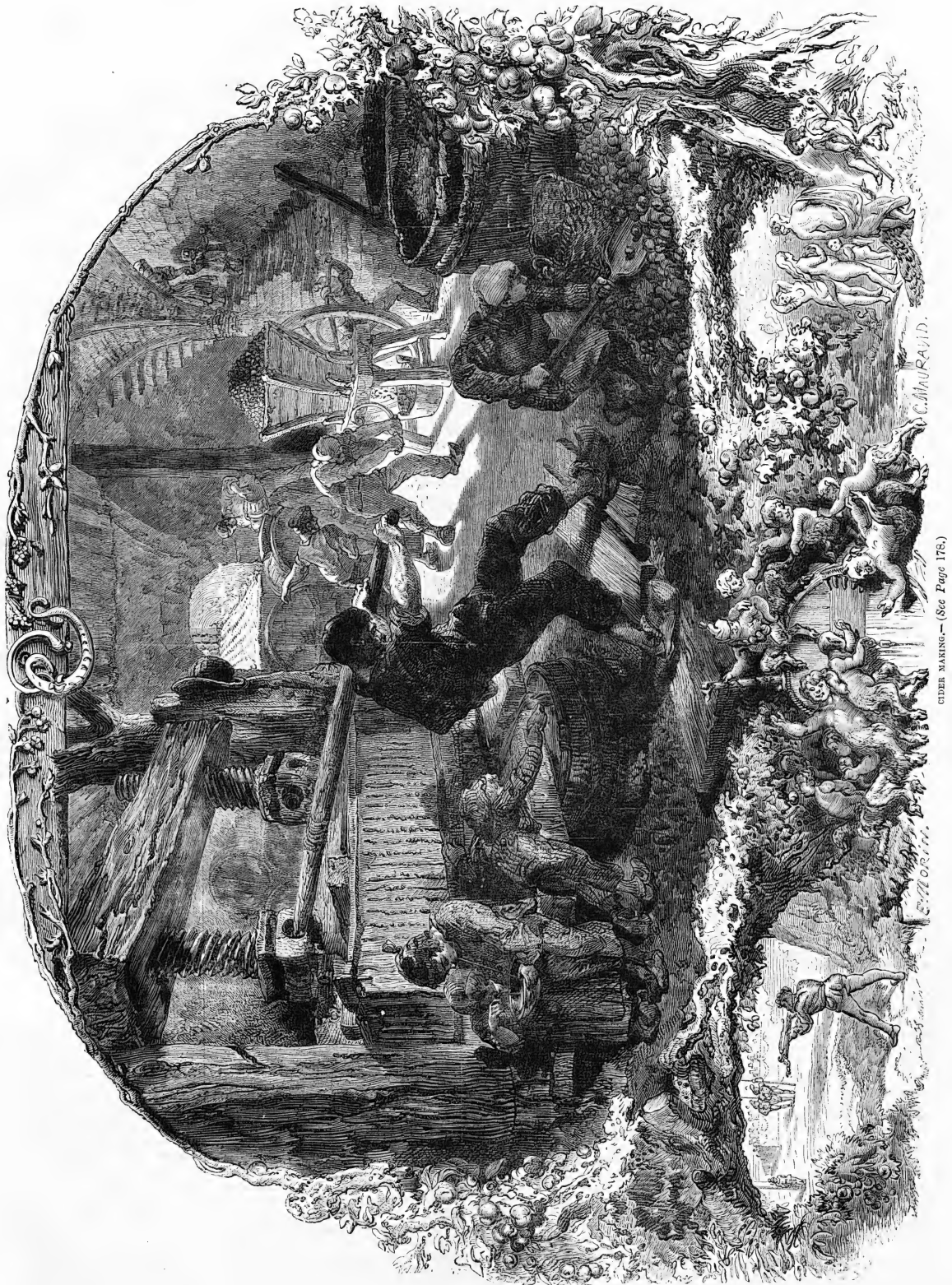
The Bank of England last week ordered a gratuity of ten per cent. on the salaries of all the clerks who have been in the establishment more than two years. They likewise ordered a gratuity of a 1,000l. each to Mr. Gray and Mr. Marshall, the chief accountant and chief cashier, on their having respectively completed fifty years of service.

On Sunday last Marshal M'Mahon was presented with the sword subscribed for by some of his Irish "compatriots." In replying to the address, "the heroic descendant of one of Ireland's greatest monarchs," declared that he would one day leave the sword to his son Patrick, and that it should be for him a pledge of those ties which unite him for ever to the noble country of his ancestors.

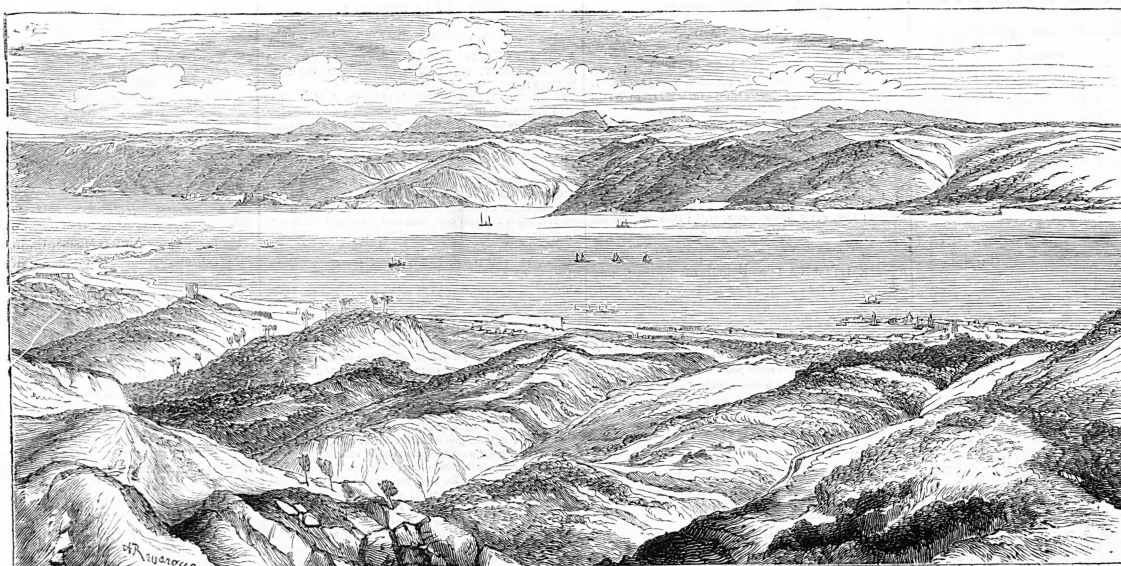
The number of bankruptcies gazetted in the first eight months of the present year was 761, being at the rate of 1,146 per annum. The annual average of the previous ten years has been 1,090, so that if the present bankruptcy rate is maintained, the current year will be 56 above the average. Of the 761 bankruptcies gazetted this year, 372 have occurred in the metropolitan districts, 42 in the Liverpool, 38 in the Manchester, 122 in the Birmingham, 70 in the Leeds, 66 in the Bristol, 31 in the Exeter, and 23 in the Newcastle district. These figures are interesting as far as they go, but they take no account of the host of cases which are settled by private arrangement among the creditors concerned.

On Monday morning last, at eight o'clock, a fearful explosion took place at the Melfort Gunpowder Mills, which are situated about fifteen miles from Olton, in Argyleshire, by which dreadful calamity six human beings were instantly killed, five of them, unfortunately, leaving wives and large families. One of the bodies was found in the mill race, another in the middle of the river, and a third was seen in a field some distance from the mill, but so frightfully burnt and disfigured as not to be recognised. Some fingers were found on the road leading to the works. The explosion was distinctly heard at Bonaw, thirty miles from Melfort, and was mistaken by the inhabitants for thunder, who felt greatly surprised at it thundering when the sky was so cloudless and open.

The Earl of Kingston, who had been fined by the City of London magistrates on Saturday for being drunk and refusing to pay cabmen their fares, has been since conducting himself like a madman at Chester. On Sunday morning he went on the Holyhead Railway, and persisted in walking through the tunnel. He was locked up, but after a few hours was released, and in the afternoon went to the cathedral. Here he would not take his hat off, and was turned out. The first thing on Monday morning he got out in the streets naked, and was again made captive. About twelve o'clock he went to the Bishop of Chester's palace, and so annoyed his lordship that he requested the police to take charge of him. Upon coming into court, the earl went right up to the bench and seated himself with his hat on. In the end, two medical gentlemen of the city having certified that he was of unsound mind, the magistrates made an order for his lordship's removal to the county asylum.



CIDER MAKING.—(See Page 178.)



GARIBALDI'S PROGRESS—GENERAL VIEW OF THE STRAITS OF MESSINA.—(See Page 171.)

THE QUEEN INCOGNITO.

On the morning of the 1st inst., the Queen, the Prince Consort, Earl Grey, and the Hon. Lady Churchill, left Balmoral incog., accompanied by Mr. Grant, game-keeper, and three stalwart gillies, no one knowing their route but those secretly advised. Posting by Braemar, and through the glen of Feshie, they reached the Spey, and travelled through the glen from place to place, no one knowing who they were or where they came from. Sir A. Russell, at Glenfeshie, was the only gentleman known to recognise them as the Queen and Prince Consort. The whole of the route, which occupied two days and one night, as yet remains almost a mystery. The inhabitants of Crathie and elsewhere hold the trip as one of the greatest wonders extant, and are seriously amazed, "Fat the Queen could want to gang awa unken'd for." Nothing particular was known who she was, but one shrewd wife in Tomintoul, seeing Mr. John Grant on the carriage, and recognising him as an

old friend, thought of the Royal party, when, after giving the alarm, Tomintoul was all astir, and the inhabitants literally filled the road leading from the town. Such a trip may well bring to mind the story of the "King and the Cobbler." The Royal party arrived safe at the Castle in the evening of Wednesday, no doubt tired, but handsomely rewarded for their toil.

Referring to this incognito trip, the *Inverness Courier* says: "On Tuesday forenoon a gentleman drove to the door of the comfortable inn or hotel, known as the Gilley's Arms, in the centre of the open square which constitutes the village of Grantown, the capital of Strathspey. He obtained audience of the landlady, Mrs. Glass, and said he wished to engage the whole house that night for a newly-married couple and their suite. The worthy hostess demurred, as she might thus exclude some of her best customers; but the applicant was very civil as well as urgent, and gave assurance that the party were 'highly respectable.'

There was no difference as to terms, and Mrs. Glass was told that she would be glad afterwards to know that she had stretched a point to accommodate the party. In these circumstances an arrangement was come to, and the occupants of the house at the time were politely requested to board out for the night. The principals arrived in the evening—apparently quiet people, satisfied with everything and everybody about them. In a newly-married couple such equanimity might have been expected, but this part of the affair was evidently a hoax, and had only the effect of raising conjecture as to who the party might be, but on this point all the attendants were dumb. Next morning, at ten o'clock, the carriages were at the door, and the strangers took their seats. All being ready to start, Mrs. Glass was called for, and Lord Churchill complimented her on the cleanliness and order of her establishment. The strangers, he said, had been very comfortable, and the lady said she had never slept more soundly in her life. 'I

may now tell you,' said his lordship, as the principal carriage drove away, 'that you have been entertaining Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen and Prince Consort. They do not wish this to be known, however, until about ten minutes after they have left.' The Royal party then drove towards Castle Grant, the residence of the Earl of Seafield, who, however, is at present at Balma-caan, in Glen Urquhart. They could not have done more than drive round the park, as the carriages passed back through Grantown, and took the road to Tomintoul, before the people recovered from their surprise at hearing by whom they had been visited. The universal regret here, says our respected correspondent at Grantown, who sends us this piece of news, is that the secret was so well kept. "Had we got the slightest inkling of the honour done us, Her Majesty had not left Grantown without hearing Strathspey voices bidding God bless her. The 4th and 5th September are henceforth red days in our calendar."



VIEW OF ANNECY, SAVOY, FROM THE GENEVA ROAD—AFTER A PICTURE BY MR. DEROT.



"Perfection of mechanism."—Morning Post.

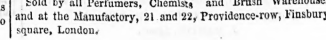


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12 Dessert Spoons, do.	1 7 0	1 15 0	2 2 0	2 10 6
12 Tea Spoons, do.	0 16 0	1 4 0	1 7 0	1 16 0
2 Sauce Ladles, do.	0 7 0	0 8 6	0 10 6	0 13 0
1 Gravy Spoon, do.	0 7 0	0 10 6	0 11 0	0 13 0
4 Salt Spoons (gilt bowl)	0 6 8	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 14 0
Mustard Spoon, best qual.	0 1 8	0 2 6	0 3 0	0 3 0
1 Pair Sugar Tongs, do.	0 3 6	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 7 0
1 Pair Fish Carvers, do.	1 0 0	1 7 6	1 12 0	1 18 0
Butter Knife, do.	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 7 0
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Supply Teas unequalled in

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Really good useful Black Tea, 3s., 3s. 2d., 3s. 4d., Fine Sou-chong, 3s. 6d.; Choice, 3s. 8d.; Very Choice, 4s.

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